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THOMAS M. OWEN, Director

BULLETIN NO. 2

HISTORY

OF THE

FIRST REGIMENT

ALABAMA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

C. S. A.

BY

EDWARD YOUNG McMORRIES, Ph. D.

A Private of the Perote Guards, Co. C., 1861, Co. G.,
1862-1865; and an Original Member of both
the Company and Regiment.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.:
THE BROWN PRINTING CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1904.

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TO THE
SOLDIERS, THE SAILORS AND THE WOMEN
OF THE
CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
AND TO
THEIR DESCENDANTS FOREVER,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED

*Gift of T. M. Owen, L. L. B., to the
Library of the
Jan. 11, 1905*

PREFATORY NOTE.

The History of the First Regiment, Alabama Volunteer Infantry, Confederate States Army, contained in this volume, was prepared by the author in response to the request of the Alabama Department of Archives and History, for a series of Narrative Histories or Historical Sketches of Alabama Commands in the War between the States, 1861-1865. This series was early projected as one of the activities of the Department, and every effort has been made to secure the compilation of accurate and authentic historical sketches of the several commands—regiments, battalions and batteries—which are entitled to representation.

In order to stimulate the early completion of the series and to afford a suitable model for further work, this sketch is issued in the present form. It presents in a clear and sympathetic way the story of the regiment, its organization, sketches of its officers, its engagements, prison life, and hardships, with numerous incidents of thrilling interest. Prof. E. Y. McMorries, the author, has performed a difficult task with delicacy and an earnest desire for the truth. It has been to him a labor of love, the entire work being done without compensation. He has a reward, however, in that he will receive the grateful plaudits of all survivors of this gallant command, and of the families of those who have passed away. He has coupled his name with the history of the regiment in an imperishable way as its annalist and historian.

THOMAS MCADORY OWEN, *Director.*

Department of Archives and History of the State of Alabama.

Montgomery, August 2, 1904.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is well known that for twenty years I have resisted urgent appeals of surviving comrades to write a history of the First Alabama Regiment. Even now I yield my consent to undertake this sketch only after fully realizing that unless I write it, the regiment will be left without any record, and that it will be better for the regiment to have a poorly written record than none whatever. I am fully aware of my incompetence to do the subject justice; and the insistence of Col. I. G. W. Steedman, the distinguished commander of the regiment during the war, and of Thomas M. Owen, the able and active Director of the Department of Archives and History, are to a large degree responsible for the final appearance of the work.

The following personal allusions are necessary in order to gratify the natural desire of readers to know the opportunities I have had by experience and observation for ascertaining the facts and incidents here recorded. I was an original member of the "Perote Guards," organized at Perote, Bullock (then Pike) county, in 1859, and composed mostly of students of the Perote Institute and of young business men of the town; left Perote with the company Feb. 12, 1861, and the next day was mustered into the service of Alabama at Girard by a Captain Thom; was organized with the company into the First Regiment Alabama Volunteers at Barrancas, Fla., about a month later, which regiment, by consent of men and officers, was transferred to the Confederate service about April 1, 1861; remained with the regiment until its surrender with the Army of Tennessee, April 27, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C.; participated in every battle and campaign of the regiment except the march from Lovejoy Station, Ga., to Tuscumbia, Ala., in the fall of 1864; and shared the fate of the regiment in military prison in 1862 at Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill.

With Vergil, I feel that I can justly say:

*"Quaeque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui."*

AUTHORITIES AND SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

The principal printed authorities and other sources of information for this Sketch are: (1) Accounts of battles and campaigns published during and subsequent to the war by the present writer in the *Southern Advertiser*, Troy, Ala., the *Herald and Times*, Union Springs, Ala., and the *Advocate*, Greenville, Ala.; (2) Authentic clippings from newspaper and periodical press; (3) Unpublished manuscript notes by the present writer, made contemporary with the occurrences; (4) *Confederate Military History* (1899) in 12 vols., edited by Gen. Clement A. Evans; (5) *Southern Historical Society Papers*, in several volumes; (6) Willis Brewer's *Alabama: Her History, Resources, War Record, and Public Men* (1872); and (7) *Company K, First Alabama Regiment, or Three Years in the Confederate Service*, by Lieut. Daniel P. Smith (1885; 12 mo. pp. 146.) In the compilation I have had the use of data and material, printed and reminiscent, collected by Col. Steedman and other survivors of the command.

Over all a memory, perhaps unfortunate in never forgetting, has exercised a rigid yet conservative censorship.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENT.

After a strenuous effort for several months it has been possible to secure from other than official sources, muster-rolls of only four of the thirteen companies of the regiment, besides that preserved in Smith's *History of Company K*. The following are the companies whose muster-rolls have recently (1902) been compiled, with the names of the survivors performing this all-important work: Perote Guards, Company G, Private D. S. Bethune, Sergeants Hector McLean, Dan McLean, Thomas B. Miles; Talladega Rifles, Company D, Lieut. D. Z. Goodlet, and S. R. Wheeler; Tallapoosa Rifles, Company A, Lieuts. John H. Sanford, O. W. Lockett, Sergeant James H. Lowry; Rough and Ready Pioneers, Company E, Lieut. F. P. Bledsoe. The rolls have been placed with the Alabama Department of Archives and History to supplement the original records on file there.

SCOPE OF THE WORK.

Within the limits of this sketch neither individual records nor company history can have any place except in so far as they may form an essential part of regimental history. The heroic deeds of every member of the regiment would be of inestimable value, if possible to obtain; but it would require a volume many times greater than this to contain them. Therefore, the author, from a desire to be just to all, feels it his duty to omit special mention of any.

REUNION OF THE REGIMENT IN 1898.

Although not strictly pertinent, I deem it proper to present here a brief account of the reunion of the regiment in 1898.

About twenty survivors met with Col. I. G. W. Steedman in the dining hall of the hotel at Shelby Springs, Ala., July 9, 1898, and organized under the title of "First Regiment, Alabama Volunteers, C. S. A." Col. I. G. W. Steedman was chosen President; E. Y. McMorries, Vice-President; J. M. Thornton, Secretary; and Samuel R. Wheeler, Treasurer.

To those who attended, it was truly "a feast of reason and flow of soul," thus to mingle with our immediate comrades of the mighty past, recount the scenes of our sufferings, achievements, and disappointments, and enjoy the presence of our honored and distinguished commander. It was a memorable occasion in the history of the regiment. We all marked that in Col. Steedman the asperity of the military man had disappeared, and that, in its stead, a high and noble nature had been mellowed by age into one of decided sociability and strongest sympathy. A comrade remarked: "In the army I always greatly admired Col. Steedman as an officer, but now I love him." Those who did not attend this reunion can form no conception of Col. Steedman's intense fondness for the members of his old regiment. The night we organized he read to us, while tears chased each other rapidly down his cheeks, accounts of our dead buried in the Confederate cemetery at Madison, Wis., and other Northern prisons. He greatly appreciated the coming of comrades to meet him, and especially of the comrade who had come thirty miles from Tallapoosa county in a wagon with his family. To him he gave an engraved portrait of himself on parting.

On this occasion the preparation of a history of the regiment was discussed, and the writer was importuned to undertake the task. The assurances of help and assistance then given have done much to nerve him to the task.

ENDORSEMENT BY COL. STEEDMAN; ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

After the labor and pains expended in the preparation, it is gratifying to quote the following commendatory words from Col. Steedman:

"I have carefully reviewed the manuscript of this historical sketch of the First Regiment Alabama Volunteers, C. S. A., as written by Prof. E. Y. McMorries, of Plantersville, Ala. The history of the campaigns in which I was personally engaged is correct in the general facts as well as in details. Our survivors and friends owe a debt of gratitude and thanks to Prof. McMorries for thus recording the history of our regiment, nearly forty years after the actual occurrences. The illustrations, except the photographs accompanying the text, are printed from original drawings in my possession. These drawings were made upon the spot by actual participants. They are not artistic and finished, but are valuable additions to the history of this heroic command."

After I had completed the sketch, it was printed in the *Montgomery Advertiser*, Oct. 26, Nov. 2, 9, 23, and 30, 1902. Its publication called forth several commendatory expressions from many sources. My attention was also directed to some minor errors. For all these expressions I am profoundly grateful.

The writer is under lasting obligations to Dr. Thomas M. Owen, for his hearty coöperation, for general editorial revision, proof-reading, and the supervision incident to publication; to Prof. Henry S. Halbert for a careful reading of the manuscript, and assistance in proof-reading; and to Col. I. G. W. Steedman of St. Louis, Mo., for numerous letters of sympathy and encouragement, for the loan of several volumes of Confederate Military History, maps, plans of battle, etc., for furnishing at his own expense all illustrative cuts, for the deep and unremitting interest he has taken in the sketch, and for his invaluable criticisms of the manuscript.

E. Y. McMORRIES, *Regimental Historian*,
Plantersville, Alabama. Co. G, Perote Guards.

CHAPTER I.

PENSACOLA CAMPAIGN, 1861.

THE REGIMENT ORGANIZED.

This sketch begins with the organization of the First Regiment Alabama Volunteers at Barrancas Barracks, near Fort Barrancas, Fla., February, 1861.

The companies composing the regiment were: the Eufaula Pioneers, Capt. John Clark; the Eufaula Rifles, Capt. Alpheus Baker; Perote Guards, Capt. George W. Dawson; Wilcox True Blues, Capt. I. G. W. Steedman; the Alabama Rifles, Talladega, Capt. J. H. Johnson; Clayton Guards, Capt. Jere N. Williams; Guards of the Sunny South, Capt. Y. D. Conyers; Tallapoosa Rifles, Capt. J. D. Meadows; Rough and Ready Pioneers, Capt. A. H. Owens; Red Eagles, Capt. Ben Lane Posey.

These companies had been previously mustered into the service of Alabama for twelve months, before leaving their State, but a few weeks later were transferred to the Confederate service, becoming the first regiment, not only from Alabama, but from any other State of the Confederacy.

The following officers were elected: Henry D. Clayton, Colonel; I. G. W. Steedman, Lieutenant-Colonel; Jere N. Williams, Major.

The staff were: S. H. Dent, Adjt.; Henry R. Shorter, Commissary; L. F. Johnson, Quartermaster; J. D. Caldwell, Surgeon; Walter Curry, Assistant Surgeon.

Lieut. Ramsey became captain of the Wilcox True Blues, and Lieut. Maybury captain of the Clayton Guards.

Braxton Bragg was major-general commanding the troops; Gens. A. H. Gladden and R. H. Anderson commanded their respective brigades.

THE PENSACOLA CAMPAIGN.

The scene of the regiment's service the first year of the war was the vicinity of the lower portions of Pensacola bay, between the navy yard and the mouth of the bay, about five miles distant.

Of the physical features, forts, etc., of the locality, I may speak briefly.

Pensacola bay, receiving the waters of the beautiful Escambia river flowing almost due south, is formed by the interposition of Santa Rosa island lying due east and west, and, therefore, at right angles to the course of the river as it approaches the gulf; and deflected westward past the city of Pensacola and the navy yard, curves gracefully southward from this latter point into the gulf between the western extremity of the island and a projecting spur of the main land about thirty-five miles below the mouth of the river. Fort Pickens, by far the most formidable fortification in this vicinity both in structure and armament, stands upon this extremity of the island, and Fort McRee is due west just across the bay about one and one-half miles distant, the two forts forming the outpost defenses of the harbor.

On the north side of the harbor or mainland from the navy yard to Fort McRee, are successively Warrenton, Marine Hospital, Barrancas Barracks, Fort Barrancas, Fort Redoubt, Old Light House and New Light House. These points occupy elevations from ten to thirty feet above tide water, Fort Barrancas and Old Light House being the highest, while Forts Pickens and McRee rise from the white sandy beach, down close to the water's edge. Fort Redoubt, designed as a place of retreat and continued resistance in case of Fort Barrancas falling into the hands of the enemy, is half a mile inland, and directly in rear of the latter with which it is connected by an underground passageway. It was used by the Confederates as an arsenal.

Santa Rosa island, a few feet above sea-level, from a quarter to half a mile wide, interspersed with clumps of gall-berry slashes, great banks of white sand and sea-drift, with here and there an old scaly, gnarly sea-coast pine, with not even a fisherman's hut or other sign of human habitation save the grim, gloomy old castle of Fort Pickens, stretches away to the east many miles beyond the horizon.

Previous to the arrival of the companies of the regiment, Lieut. A. J. Slemmer, commanding United States forces, had surrendered all the forts and public buildings on the mainland to Alabama and Florida volunteers; and, with a small squad of regulars, had retired to Fort Pickens. Thus the stars and stripes were flying from the battlements of the latter, while the lone star of State sovereignty, soon to be supplanted by the stars and bars of the Confederate States, floated from all the forts and public buildings of the former.

The personnel of the regiment was remarkable for the youthfulness of its members, and for notable men as privates in its ranks. Of the former, perhaps not more than 25 per cent. had reached their majority, while not 10 per cent. had passed twenty-five. The prevailing ages were from 18 to 21 in ranks, with quite a number from 15 to 18. The average age among officers could not have exceeded 30. Lieut.-Col. Steedman was only 26. Most of these young men were from homes of wealth and culture, of the best Southern families, and, inflamed with resentment against the North for long-continued aggressions upon the rights of the South, as well as by the recent John Brown raid in Virginia, had quitted these surroundings of luxury, and, in many instances, classic halls of learning, and had seized their muskets and gone to battle. Nor less conspicuous and heroic were the conduct and spirit of the "wool hat boys" who, with no property interests involved, equalled the zeal and loyalty of their wealthy comrades in devotion, courage, sacrifice and duty. Neither space nor ability permit me to pursue further this tempting line of thought. Crown him historian laureate, the genius of whose pen shall adequately portray and reflect to future generations the war spirit of the South in 1861! All thinking classes in the South knew that the "irrepressible conflict" had come and must be met.

Of notable men as privates in our ranks were Edward C. Bullock, a distinguished barrister; Judge John Cochran, an eminent jurist; and James L. Pugh, who upon the secession of Alabama a few weeks before, had resigned his seat in the Federal house of representatives. These men, in blouse, army shirts, trudging along at drill through the deep sand beneath a burning sun, or pacing their beats, or pushing a wheelbarrow of sand to construct a battery, were familiar sights to us all

during our twelve months' service at Barrancas. They were dubbed "high privates." The following year private Bullock raised and led to the front the 18th Alabama regiment, but he shortly after died; private Cochran resumed the practice of law; private Pugh was elected to the Confederate States Congress, where he remained to the end of the war, and since the war he has served three terms in the United States Senate. He now (1904) resides in Washington, D. C.

By such illustrious examples as the above, of which no people ever furnished so many notable instances as the Southern States at the beginning of the war, the position and service of the Confederate soldier in ranks had been emphasized and dignified; and this fact may be put down as the most powerful factor in the evolution of that sublime courage and irresistible prowess of the Southern soldier. There was no office-seeking, it being considered as high an honor to be a private as to be an officer. Men were elected to positions for their fitness to command, and not on account of culture, wealth, or family prestige. Of course, men of superior advantages in all these respects were elected to office, but as a rule each was elected on his own individual merits. Nothing more plainly exemplifies the big-heartedness of the Southern aristocrat than this elevation of so many of his inferiors socially, and his steadfast loyalty to, and support of these officers from start to finish. Never before was an army organized on such broad basis of liberality, and never was there an army before commanded by such an able corps of officers. Mutual respect and confidence was the natural result.

Until about the 1st of April our regiment was quartered at Barrancas Barracks and Fort Barrancas. Many messes had negro cooks, and men hired to do all their laundry and other drudgery. All wore neat clothes, drew as daily rations a pound each of beef and baker's bread, occasionally supplemented with boxes of provisions from home.

Most of the companies of the regiment had been organized several years before the war, and had been under the command of efficient officers and had, therefore, reached Barrancas quite proficient in company drill, but they had no experience in battalion drill. We now entered the full routine of soldier duty: company drill in the morning, battalion drill in the afternoon, guard and police duty, and all other duties. Military regula-

tions began to be enforced and penalties to be inflicted for violation. A cordon of guards was kept around the encampment and along the beach; no ingress or egress was permitted without a pass; no intoxicants were allowed within the lines. Whether rising or retiring or whatever else, everything must obey the taps of the drum. Guards were constantly bringing in one or more prisoners and dumping them in the guard house amid frantic execrations of the prisoner that he had come to war to fight for his rights, that he had lost all his rights by the tyranny of his officers, and that he wouldn't stand it. Raw troops and their officers both have a hard time until the former learn that a soldier's first and highest duty is to obey orders, and the latter how to command.

COL. HENRY D. CLAYTON.

Col. Clayton drilled the regiment the first two months, but having been assigned to court-martial duty practically left the drilling of the regiment to Col. Steedman for the rest of the year. Col. Clayton was a fine officer, afterwards becoming one of the ablest major-generals in the Confederate service. But both by native endowments and education he was a lawyer, politician, and man of letters; serving many years after the war as a distinguished circuit judge, losing in the Democratic State convention the nomination for Governor of Alabama by only a few votes. He was president of the Alabama State University when he died. In private as well as in public life, he was a man of most exemplary purity of character, and greatly loved by all the people of the State. His son, Henry D. Clayton, Jr., has ably represented (1904) the third congressional district of Alabama in Congress, and another son, Bert-ram Clayton, represented, for several terms, a New York congressional district.

COL. I. G. W. STEEDMAN.

Col. I. G. W. Steedman combined all the inborn elements of a military man with a thorough military education, having graduated from the South Carolina Military Academy in 1856. Since it was he who, in 1861, made the First Alabama regiment one of the very best drilled in the Confederate army, thus laying the foundation for its subsequent distinguished career, I

may be permitted to speak briefly at this point of his family, service, and characteristics. He was born in Lexington district, S. C., in 1835, where three generations of his family had lived before him. His great-grandfather, John Steedman, from the north of Ireland, settled in Lexington many years before the Revolutionary war. His grandfather, George Steedman, was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, as were also his maternal ancestors. His father, Reuben Steedman, served the last six months of the Civil War in the militia of South Carolina under the official call for the enlistment of all men under fifty-five years of age. Four other sons of Reuben Steedman besides the colonel, were in the Confederate service.

Immediately after graduating from the military academy, Col. Steedman began the study of medicine, attending the South Carolina Medical College one term; then coming to Alabama he continued his professional studies under the preceptorship of his uncle, Dr. D. J. Fox, in Wilcox county, and finally receiving his diploma from the Medical Department of the University of Louisiana in 1859. He was engaged in the practice of medicine with Dr. Fox when Alabama seceded. Promptly volunteering, he was mustered into the service of Alabama as captain of the Wilcox True Blues in February, 1861, and ordered with his company to Fort Barrancas, near Pensacola, Fla. Within a month the company became Co. A, First Regiment Alabama Volunteers; and, as stated, he was elected lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. At the reorganization of the regiment in February, 1862, he was unanimously elected colonel, and held this rank and position to the close of the war, though during a large portion of the time he was a prisoner-of-war.

His first experience under fire was the bombardment of Fort Pickens, Nov. 22 and 23, 1861. In March, 1862, he was ordered with his regiment to Island No. 10, Mississippi river, and was put in command of the heavy batteries on the east bank of the river. There he exhibited in a high degree all the qualities of an able commander, and under most trying and disadvantageous circumstances until compelled to surrender after a siege of four weeks by Federal gunboats and infantry. Suffering at the time of the surrender with pneumonia, he was sent as a prisoner first to St. Louis, where he was held six weeks; thence to Columbus, O., where he was paroled for a month

within the city limits; thence to Johnson's Island, where he was detained until exchanged at Vicksburg the following September. Rejoining his regiment at the latter place, they were sent a few days later to Port Hudson, La., where he was put in charge of a line of heavy batteries. He was in command of this line on the night of March 14, 1863. During the siege of Port Hudson, which began May 25 following, he was acting brigadier-general in command of the left wing of the land defenses, as well as the river defenses; and it was during this terrible siege of seven weeks that his superb endurance and military genius and courage shone forth with great resplendence.

After the surrender of Port Hudson July 8, four days later than that of Vicksburg on July 4, Col. Steedman and the rest of our officers were sent to New Orleans, thence to Governor's Island, N. Y., by sea, and thence to Johnson's Island, where he was held until the spring of 1865. While here he was, at the request of his fellow prisoners, put in charge of the prison hospital, selecting his own assistants, five in number, who were also fellow prisoners.

After being sent east for exchange he sailed from Fort McHenry, Baltimore, for City Point, and on the voyage rendered valuable service to the sick suffering from smallpox and gangrene. Before reaching its destination the vessel returned to the military prison at Point Lookout, and Col. Steedman was held here until sent to Fort Delaware, where he was paroled at the close of the war. Returning to Alabama he located in Montgomery for the practice of his profession. On Oct. 31, 1865, he was married at St. Louis, Mo., to Dora Harrison, a native of that city, and locating in St. Louis he began the practice of his profession there in 1866. In his profession he was eminently successful, until he retired in 1880. He still (1904) resides in that city, in excellent health. He has three sons: James Harrison, George Fox, and Edwin H. Steedman, all University graduates, and successful manufacturers, being associated with their father.

The following were some of the prominent characteristics of Col. Steedman, as he was in 1861-1865, and will be readily recognized by every member of the regiment: Five feet eight or nine inches high, weight about one hundred and forty pounds; dark grey eyes, dark brown hair, and heavy goatee and mus-

tache of same color; perfectly symmetrical; graceful carriage, quick in movement, perception, decision, and expression; a clear, ringing voice; untiring energy; a mind ever on the alert but never confused; utterly fearless, but never reckless; delighting in the profession of arms; firm in discipline, but most courteous to and most considerate of the humblest private; never, under any circumstances, exhibiting the least irritation or temper; abstemious; modest; chaste in language, and of pure, irreproachable private character; and of a powerful personal magnetism. Never was there an officer whose men would have followed him with more implicit faith and greater enthusiasm, into any danger he might have proposed to lead them. Nowhere did Col. Steedman have a greater admirer than the big-hearted Gen. Clayton himself. Speaking of Col. Steedman in the *Union Springs Herald*, September, 1885, Gen. Clayton says: "If Col. Steedman had been in the field instead of being confined to garrison duty during the war, he would have risen to the rank of major-general long before I did."

Maj. Williams, being third in command, had no particular opportunity to show his ability as a military man. He was held in the highest esteem by every member of the regiment. Since the close of the war he has represented the third congressional district in the lower house of the Federal congress, and since his retirement from congress has for many years filled the honorable position of chancellor of his district.

Under the immediate direction of Lieut. Joseph Wheeler, of the engineer corps, now the celebrated Gen. Wheeler of two wars, the regiment was soon put to erecting batteries along the heights west of Fort Barrancas: the Red Eagles for two mortar guns in the rear of Fort Barrancas; the Rough and Ready Pioneers, for two thirty-two pounders in the depression between Fort Barrancas and the Old Light House; the Perote Guards, for three ten-inch columbiads and one eight-inch columbiad at the Old Light House; the Alabama Rifles for two ten-inch mortars between the Perote battery and the New Light House; the Clayton Guards, for two ten-inch rifle guns at the New Light House.

These companies were assisted by daily details from other companies of the regiment, cannon being brought by slow and laborious processes (rolled on skids) from Forts Barrancas and

McRee. While getting a gun from the latter fort, the regiment heard for the first time of their future friend and inseparable traveling companion, the army louse; for it was on this occasion that an old regular soldier was stripped, shaved and carried publicly out to the beach, stretched upon the sand and scrubbed to rid him of the loathsome vermin. We would then have resented the slightest insinuation that these companions would form an accompaniment of our future wardrobe.

This whole line was now astir with busy men. Work, drill, picket duty kept us moving; and after the cannon were mounted in their respective batteries, artillery drill was added. The scarcity of artillerists in the Confederate army at this stage of the war rendered it necessary that volunteers be trained at once for this important branch of the service, and this explains why our regiment came to be both an infantry and heavy artillery regiment. It continued in this dual service until it left Fort Gaines, Ala., in May, 1864.

Early in April the regiment cleared away the scrub bushes and seaweed between Fort Barrancas and Perote battery, and pitched their tents in front of the bay in full view of Fort Pickens, the Eufaula Pioneers remaining to garrison Fort Barrancas. The tents, with arbors of seaweed in front for shade, afforded a delightful retreat from the stale old barracks, but the warm spring brought clouds of mosquitos, and fleas of prodigious size and bloodthirsty intent became as numerous as the sands of the seashore.

THE SONG OF THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

The first time I ever heard the song of the Bonnie Blue Flag was under the following circumstances: Lieut. M. B. Locke of the Perote Guards, later lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, came to me about sundown one evening and asked me to attend the theatre with him that night in Warrenton. I gladly accepted the invitation for several reasons. In the first place, it gave me an outing beyond our lines for a few hours. In the second, I was fond of theatres anyway. In the third, I always loved "Mike" and deem his personal friendship one of my most valuable earthly possessions. We went. The large building was densely packed with soldiers, and a few ladies. I have no recollection of any special points in the play, but at the close

was an incident never during life to be effaced from memory. A gentleman soloist, and a fine singer he was, advanced to the front of the stage bearing a large, blue, silk flag with a golden star in the center. Slowly unfurling the banner he began the song of the "Bonnie Blue Flag." As he named each State in the order of its secession the soldiers from these respective States cheered with the greatest enthusiasm. But as he concluded the last stanza,

"For the lone star of the Bonnie Blue Flag
Has grown to be eleven,"

he at the same time reversed the banner, displaying on the opposite side a galaxy of eleven stars, representing the eleven States of our new-born Confederacy. The sentiment, the occasion, the highly dramatic rendition of the whole recitation electrified the great assembly. Every man at once seemed to lose his reason. They sprang to their feet, rushed forward frantically waving their caps and wildly gesticulating, some out of joy beating comrades with fists, others embracing and kissing, still others shouting and yelling like mad men. This reign of Bedlam lasted ten minutes. Though forty-two years have elapsed since this incident, the whole scene rises from the dead past as vividly as on the night of its occurrence.

THE REGIMENT PAID FOR FIRST TWO MONTHS' SERVICE IN SPECIE.

In April or May the regiment was paid for its first two months' service in gold and silver by the State of Alabama, privates receiving each \$20 in gold and \$2 in silver, and officers in proportion. That night the whole encampment looked like a gambling establishment. This writer did his first gambling then and there at "seven up," ten cents a game, and after playing until after midnight came off one dime winner. He is glad to add that this was his last gambling. But expert card players reaped a harvest that night from "suckers." Jack Gibson next day had about \$200, I believe, and my recollection is that he carried nearly all this sum through to the close of the war. Though fond of playing cards, Jack was a good fellow and a good soldier. This was the last and only gold and silver paid the regiment for its services during the war, and if any other Southern command was as fortunate even as we in this respect we are not aware of the fact.

UNIFORMS.

On reaching Barrancas no two companies were uniformed alike. As a rule each company had two suits, full dress and fatigue. The former was made of high grade material, that of the Perote Guards costing \$50 a suit. It was full dress style, heavy gray cassimere, trimmed with blue, three rows of buttons in front of coat, and red plumes tipped with white. This suit the company bought at its organization, each member paying for his own uniform. The fatigue suit of the same company presented by the ladies of Perote on our leaving home was of very dark cassimere, heavy weight, trimmed with light gray, single row of buttons and frock skirts.

About the first of July we were furnished by the ladies of Alabama with a regimental uniform. This was made of blue jeans, frock skirt reaching down to our knees, and with a single row of buttons in front.

FLAGS.

Each company reached Barrancas with its own company flag, and these were as unlike as the uniforms, but bearing a striking resemblance to the Stars and Stripes of the Union. They generally agreed in one point only, that of having a single star. Some had been inscribed with mottoes and curious devices, such, for instance, as a rattlesnake in coil ready to strike his victim, with the motto, "Don't tread on me." This great diversity of company flags was especially conspicuous on regimental drill and dress parade. On the adoption of a sovereign flag, during summer the ladies of Montgomery sent the regiment a Confederate flag made of bunting, after which the company flags were seldom used.

These flags were captured at Island No. 10, April, 1862, and are presumably in possession of Northern States. That of the Perote Guards has been recently located at Madison, Wis., by Hon. Thomas M. Owen, Director of the Department of Archives and History of Alabama. It will probably be restored to our State when the next legislature of Wisconsin convenes.

GENERAL REVIEW OF THE ARMY AT BARRANCAS.

Gen. Bragg determined to hold a general review of the army during the month of July, and for this purpose had all under-

brush removed from a space of half a mile square out in the piney woods about a mile in the rear of the new light house, and out of sight of Fort Pickens. It was a fearfully hot day and not a leaf of the forest stirred from its place. The hot sun burned our feet through our shoes. We stood in this position about an hour facing the sun with our long blue jeans coats buttoned tightly up to our chins while we enjoyed the luxury (?) of being reviewed by the general and his staff. After the general had passed along our front he took a position at one corner of the square where the army by companies marched past him as he sat on his highly caparisoned war-steed, cap in hand and head bared to the burning sun. This consumed another hour, by which time many of the men were prostrated with heat, and had to fall out of ranks. This was the only general review we had at Barrancas, and it was enough for us. For several weeks we had been looking forward to this event, anticipating a "big time," but as a pleasure affair the whole performance was a stupendous failure.

SICKNESS AT BARRANCAS, FLA., IN 1861.

I shall speak briefly first of the Marine hospital, a distinct image of which as it was in 1861 still hangs in the picture gallery of memory, although I was never an inmate myself. The building was a magnificent structure of brick, three stories high, painted yellow, occupying a terraced elevation half a mile from the beach, enclosed by a heavy brick wall quadrangular in form, with a large iron gate at the center of each side, almost obscured by that prince of all forest trees, the live oak, around whose dark massive trunks and long wandering branches ivy and other vines had woven themselves into a solid coating, until leaping up and over-spreading the tops of trees and hospital they hung in graceful festoons along the walls of the latter. The spacious grounds were carpeted with nature's perennial green, relieved here and there by clusters of brilliant and variegated flowers. The grove was enlivened by the ceaseless singing of many birds, of which our own Southern mocking-bird is king, thus removing this one spot as far away as possible from every other suggestion of war and turmoil and strife. A Confederate soldier, in full uniform and with fixed bayonet, is pacing his beat in front of each gate and also of

each entrance of the main buildings, while sisters of charity, dressed in black and wearing white sun-bonnets were moving along the wide corridors and verandahs on their missions of mercy, or standing in groups of two or three in earnest consultation with the surgeon. If we enter and go through the apartments we shall find them large, well lighted and well ventilated; the walls, furniture, and beddings scrupulously clean, and the patients receiving such food and attention as their respective conditions demand.

During the spring, summer and fall measles, jaundice and malarial and typhoid fevers had successively invaded the camp of the 1st Alabama regiments; and, despite the rigid enforcement of sanitary regulations, the first two became epidemic and the last nearly so. Many believed that too much drilling in the hot sun, while closely laced up from hip to chin in heavy woolen uniforms, was responsible for so much sickness. As many of the regiment had never been accustomed to labor or active exercise of any kind, this opinion may have been, at least to some extent, well founded. Of course no blame can attach to any officer of the regiment on this account. Raw troops have to be drilled, disciplined and hardened for service, and officers alone have to do this. Besides, the "hardening process" at Barrancas doubtless saved many lives to the regiment at Island No. 10, when the exposure and duties were so much greater, and where the new recruits suffered such terrible fatality, while the volunteers of '61 passed through the fiery ordeal of after campaigns with comparatively slight loss.

Whatever the cause, the Marine hospital was full of sick from June to October. Every day several were carried down from the hospital to the "dead house" for interment, or shipment home, the latter almost invariably the rule in the Southern army during 1861. To us, not yet accustomed to the horrors of war, the situation was distressing. Said a nervous comrade: "A man can die and be buried here with the least ceremony and concern I ever saw." Our regiment lost about forty this year, mostly young men. Many a youth, who only a few months previous, had left a home of tenderness and luxury, and had gone forth at his country's call to drive back the invaders of the South, thus early and suddenly found the end of his brief career and earthly ambition.

I distinctly recall to mind one, a youth of seventeen, of attractive personality, of superior intellect, of wealthy and distinguished family, of magnanimous soul and Christian character, and of high social position, all giving assurance of a most honorable and useful life—thus untimely cut down.

From the first of the son's illness the anxious father (for his mother had died several years before) was at the bedside of his son who was slowly dying of typhoid fever. Though the hospital service was excellent, and the father provided for his son every comfort and delicacy that heart could wish, two company comrades, by permission, spent the long, lonesome, sad hours of night in affectionate ministrations to their loved friend. Towards the last of his illness, the patient's mind began to wander. In dreams and during periods of aberration he was conversing with comrades in camp, or in a gay party of friends at home, or wearied of a long march, or engaged in a fierce battle with the enemy. After a protracted struggle, the end came peacefully; the spirit of a noble youth, with all its future hopes and promises, had departed; only dust remained; but the natural color of the face returned; a gentle smile, so characteristic in health and now so heaven-like, again lit up the wasted cheek. A fond, Christian father, overwhelmed with grief, bore him away from sorrowing comrades to still more anguished hearts of relatives and friends at home, where he was laid to rest, highly honored and sincerely lamented, by a whole community; and where a marble monument marks the place of his earthly remains.

This youth was Langdon L. Rumph of the Perote Guards; the father, Dr. James D. Rumph.

These were our first experiences in the horrors of war. Our sensibilities were yet tender, and the death of a comrade, a sad bereavement then, for we had not yet become accustomed to suffering and death by long-continued conflict and carnage. You who read this, read of the death of a soldier in time of war under most favorable conditions and circumstances possible. Later, we shall attempt to portray the death of a Confederate soldier on the field of battle.

Unnumbered thousands of Southern soldiers as noble and promising as comrade Rumph met death, and met it like men, far away from home and loved ones; sometimes from sickness or wounds in over-crowded hospitals, where there were neither

nurses, food, comfort nor medical attention; sometimes in an instant on the field of battle; sometimes in prison hospitals among our enemies, where it was a matter of total indifference whether they lived or died, though with some preference for the latter; and, after death, were dumped into a hole in the ground with as little concern as a dead horse. But on this score we must not judge our enemy harshly. We Confederates shed no tears around the graves of dead Yankees. This is war.

Confederate troops had been constantly arriving at Barrancas until by the 1st of June we had eight or ten thousand. Federals had also been busy recruiting. Col. Brown with reinforcements had superseded Lieut. Slemmer in command of Fort Pickens; Billy Wilson's regiment of New York Zouaves had gone into tents half a mile above Fort Pickens on the island; batteries in front of us were being constructed. Still, a fellow feeling apparently prevailed between friend and foe as each, under the guns of the other, were allowed to bask in the morning and evening breeze without molestation. Even as late as April the Federal gunboat, Wyandotte, was permitted to land at the navy yard and take aboard supplies. The Yankees first broke the peace. Selecting a dark night, they captured and burned our little patrol boat, the Judith, lying out in the harbor. Not content, they shortly afterwards surprised the guard at the navy yard, burned the dry dock, spiked the guns of our battery manned by old ex-Federal regulars, and made good their escape. There was suspicion of treason. This ugly behavior called for correction. Accordingly, Gen. Bragg fitted out a detachment of about fifteen hundred men made up by details from the various regiments, put Gen. Anderson and Col. Chalmers in command, and left the rest to them. The Talladega Rifles and Wilcox True Blues represented the First Alabama. Marching to Pensacola, the expedition embarked on the steamer Times and on barges about dark on the evening of October 7, 1861, steamed west near the coast of Santa Rosa island and landed the troops on the north side of the island about 2 a. m. on the morning of the 8th. The objective point was Billy Wilson's Zouaves camp, about five miles above which the troops were landed. The plan was to advance stealthily down the island, capture the pickets and surprise the camp. This was successfully done, and the Confederates were opening by platoons upon the camp before the Zouaves were aware

of their presence. This was about 4 a. m. The rebel yell was raised which was instantly responded to by the Confederates from the navy yard to Fort McRee, who, with eager expectancy, had remained awake all night to witness the battle. There was the wildest consternation among the Yankees. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded, a few were captured, more escaped through the darkness of the night. The sound of a horse's hoofs running at full speed down the plank road to Fort Pickens was distinctly heard at our battery. Torches were applied to the tents and arbors of seaweed, to the commissary and other buildings near the camp. This so lighted up the island that we could plainly see the movements of our troops from the mainland. The Yankees were gone. Daylight soon came and at the same time there advanced from the rear portals of Fort Pickens a long column of Federals. Our men, exhausted by the laborious march down the island through deep sand and dense thickets, and over rugged surface, slowly began to retreat to the steamer Times and barges. The enemy followed, and our men were several times compelled to halt, form line and push back their assailants. At this juncture Gen. Bragg sent over the steamer Ewing with reinforcements, who took the place of our tired soldiers and drove the enemy down the island in confusion. The troops then re-embarked and landed at Pensacola. In the afternoon Gen. Bragg, under flag of truce, brought away his killed and wounded from the island, the total loss being about thirty. Among the former were Capt. Bradford of a Florida regiment, and Lieut. Nelms of a Georgia regiment. Out of honor to these officers, by order of Gen. Bragg, the steamer Times was thenceforth called the Bradford, and the Ewing, the Nelms.

Owing to this unpleasantness the regiment had to move its camp about half a mile in rear and out of sight of the enemy. We then began the erection of wooden barracks for winter quarters along the depression in the immediate rear of the Perote battery.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT PICKENS. •

On the morning of November 22, 1861, as the Bradford was steaming down to the navy yard from Pensacola, Fort Pickens opened fire upon it. This was the signal for a general attack

on our lines, and in a few minutes cannon were darting flame and iron from every porthole of Fort Pickens and from every battery along the island. The former had more guns than all the Confederate forts and batteries combined, but it had to divide its attack along a range of four miles, while it received the concentrated fire of all the Confederates. Fort McRee was the weakest of all our defenses, and yet the most exposed both to the fleet and Fort Pickens. Its gallant commander, Villipigue, with his Georgia battalion had strengthened it somewhat with sand bags. For this reason Fort McRee had, from the outset, been the object of deepest concern and anxiety; but our apprehensions were greatly intensified when two of the enemy's largest men-of-war were moved up a channel even the existence of which had hitherto been unknown to us, cast anchor in the rear of the right wing of the fort on which side the garrison had neither strengthened the walls against attack, nor mounted guns for defense; and from this new position about a mile nearer Fort McRee than the other Federal vessels, opened a terrific fire upon this helpless part of the fort. At the same time the rest of the squadron, now about two miles off, made a vigorous attack on the right front of McRee. The situation was alarming. Fleet and fort were soon enveloped with the smoke of their own guns and that of exploding shells, except as an occasional breeze afforded a temporary glimpse. On one occasion simultaneous volleys raked the outer walls and parapets of the fort, wrapped it with flames of bursting shells, sent huge timbers and massive pieces of concrete flying through the air, swept away the flagstaff and demolished a section of wall on the right. As dimly seen from our position the whole structure seemed to bulge and sink to the earth in one general conflagration and gigantic heap of ruins. There was a momentary suspense of firing along the Confederate lines, as men stood in breathless excitement and gazed with the eagerness of despair at what appeared the final doom of the fort. "McRee is gone up," murmured some. Nobody denied or doubted it. A moment later a friendly breeze partially lifting the smoke, revealed only a part demolished, the rest standing firm. This gave some relief, but a moment later it was noticed that the flag had disappeared. "The fort has surrendered," they now said. But these words were hardly spoken when the large garrison banner with broken staff and torn with shot was seen

slowly ascending the wall. Then a mighty shout of Confederates, heard above the din of artillery and sounding like the distant murmur of many waters, rang along the bending shore from Fort McRee to the navy yard.

While such was the struggle between the fleet and Fort McRee, a conflict of far greater proportion was on between Fort Pickens and Barrancas with its chain of batteries, all manned by the First Alabama regiment. Ten times more lead and iron were hurled against our positions than against Fort McRee, but shot and shell made little impression on our batteries of sand bags; and Fort Barrancas, sunk in a great sand hill with very little brick wall above the surface, was almost as invulnerable. The artillery on both sides aggregated about 300 pieces, varying in calibre from 32 to 128 pounders; and as each was fired every few minutes, the deafening roar was beyond description—beyond even conception save to those engaged. Every window light in Warrenton was shattered to atoms by the first few volleys, while those in Pensacola, eight miles distant, were badly shaken up and many broken. In some instances blood poured from the noses of men working the guns, while the thunder of the conflict was afterwards declared to have been heard at Greenville, Camden, Montgomery, Hayneville, Union Springs, and Troy, distances ranging from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five miles from the scene of action.

No damage was done Barrancas or any of its batteries, but we inflicted material damage to Fort Pickens.

The battle continued all day with unabated energy. About dark the firing ceased, except Capt. Posey's mortar battery that kept up a duel all night with a Yankee mortar battery, furnishing quite a spectacular entertainment to the two armies.

Fort McRee had learned some things by the day's experience; and under cover of darkness, and, assisted by heavy details, her men built a battery of three guns half a mile down the shore, between the fort and the two men-of-war.

Worn out by the day's hard work, we ate a cold lunch and retired to the rough planks of our "old cabin home" for needed rest. But a seaward breeze setting up, whistled about the roofs and around the corners of our cottages in such exact imitation of a coming hostile shell, to which our ears had all day been accustomed that we were frequently startled from our

dreams, and sprang from our bunks. Many a hearty laugh was indulged in during the night on this score. Rather an "airy" sort of battle was this, but later in the night we got up another sort, almost as airy but on a much grander scale. About 11 p. m. our pickets began discharging their guns along the beach. At first the shots were scattering, but rapidly increased until it seemed like the whole picket force was hotly engaged, while in camp the "long roll" was beating to arms, and officers shouting to their men to "fall in," as if the whole Yankee army was landing about two hundred yards in our front. Men ran hither-thither in hurly-burley style, sometimes knocking each other down in their blind and mad rush for clothing, guns and equipment. As soon as formed, the companies were "double-quick-ed" to their respective batteries. On reaching his battery, a certain captain of the regiment made a speech that night to his company that was repeated many a time afterward around the camp-fires of the regiment. As he drew up his company in line, he thus harangued the men at the top of his voice, and in a high key: "Stand firm, men! Stand firm! Think of your homes and firesides! You have done well today, and we expect you to do well tonight." It was, of course, a false alarm, a very common occurrence in any army in time of war, and after an hour's detention, we were dismissed to our quarters. I will state, however, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that these night alarms, far in the dead hour of night, are more trying to the nerves than a real battle in daytime.

At dawn next morning, November 23, Fort McRee's men early began the day's battle by a vigorous attack on the two warships. After a hot contest for an hour, the latter retired out of range, taking their position along with the rest of the fleet, where they could do the fort less damage.

By 8 o'clock the bombardment was again in full blast, every gun on both sides being brought into action. The Yankees, however, had a better range of our positions, and landed their shot and shell with greater precision. Frequently several shells would explode almost simultaneously in or above a single battery, and the men would take refuge in their "rat-holes" for protection. But these "rat holes," covered with coarse, loose sand to a depth of about four feet, were places of fancied, rather than real security. They offered good protection against small fragments of shells, but we are confident that a shell from a mortar would have penetrated without any difficulty.

The second day's battle was essentially a repetition of the first, with no abatement of spirit on either side. The firing ceased at dark, except that Capt. Posey again kept up his mortar battery duel all night. The enemy did not resume the attack next morning, and thus ended the great bombardment—the greatest, perhaps, during the Civil War, when both number and calibre of guns are taken into account. By order of Gen. Bragg, the words "November 22 and 23, 1861," were inscribed on the banner of the 1st Alabama regiment.

On January 1, 1862, Gen. Bragg had occasion to be absent, leaving Gen. Anderson in command. The latter opened up a fight which lasted all day. Rumor had it that Gen. Bragg was much displeased at this attack. All the Confederate forts and batteries were manned by the First Alabama, except Fort McRee and a battery at the navy yard.

REGIMENT REORGANIZED.

The period of our enlistment (twelve months) was now drawing to a close, and the question of reorganization was a lively theme with the regiment. When we volunteered, we thought we could whip the Yankees in three months. It was now evident that we were entering upon a long and bloody conflict. Accordingly, the Confederacy was enlisting soldiers only for three years, or the war. But as the First had already served one year, Gen. Bragg thought it just that we be received for two years, and we were mustered in for that period—the only regiment perhaps in the Confederate service so enlisted. Three companies—the Eufaula Pioneers, Eufaula Rifles, and Red Eagles—declined to reorganize, and their places were taken by Capt. Pruitt's company from Barbour county; Capt. Knowles's company from Macon county; and Capt. John F. Whitfield's company from Autauga and Montgomery counties. Of the seven companies reorganized, about half of the men and officers re-enlisted, the rest being discharged and enlisting in other commands.

Upon reorganization, I. G. W. Steedman was unanimously elected Colonel; S. L. Knox, Major; S. D. Steedman was appointed Adjutant; Dr. J. C. Hamilton, Surgeon; Dr. Madding, Assistant Surgeon; D. Carmichael, Quartermaster; Capt. B. Sullens, Commissary. The companies were commanded respect-

ively by J. D. Meadows, Capt. Co. A (Tallapoosa Rifles); D. W. Ramsey, Capt. Co. B (Wilcox True Blues); J. T. Stubbs, Capt. Co. C (Guards of the Sunny South); R. H. Isbell, Capt. Co. D (Talladega Rifles); John H. Wood, Capt. Co. E (Rough and Ready Pioneers); Richard Williams, Capt. Co. F (Clayton Guards); M. B. Locke, Capt. Co. G (Perote Guards; — — Knowles, Capt. Co. H; W. H. Pruitt, Capt. Co. I; John F. Whitfield, Capt. Co. K (John Gill Shorter, Artillery). No election was held for lieutenant-colonel, because, as yet, regimental sentiment had not united on any single individual for the position; and, besides, as the regiment was soon to be largely recruited, it seemed just that the recruits should have a voice in the selection of at least one field officer. At Island No. 10, owing to so much sickness and other causes the election was not considered, and accordingly an election for lieutenant-colonel was not held until we reached Port Hudson in October, 1862.

We received our furloughs for thirty days, January 17, 1862, and left on the first train for our respective homes, where we were welcomed, banqueted and lionized by all, but especially by sweethearts, as conquering heroes. Social entertainments were given almost every night at which "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again." Very few then could lay claim to having seen twelve months' service, and to having participated in three battles. Besides, the hot sun at Barrancas had so tanned our skins that we in no wise resembled the tender-faced boys of twelve months before, but had become veterans in appearance. The war spirit was at red heat, and the military was everywhere conspicuous throughout the State. At the expiration of our furloughs we left our respective communities amid impassioned speeches and pathetic scenes of separation from loved ones.

When the companies reached Barrancas late in February the regiment had over one thousand men on its rolls, nearly two-thirds of whom knew nothing of arms or service. Many of the boys, who were in school or college when they enlisted a year previous, had carried back with them school books in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and other branches, under the delusion that we would be at Barrancas to the end of the war; and, as we had several scholarly teachers in the regiment, we expected to fight Yankees and pursue our studies at the same time.

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CHAPTER II.

ISLAND NUMBER TEN CAMPAIGN, AND PRISON LIFE, 1862.

ISLAND NO. 10 CAMPAIGN.

Within a few days we were put to dismounting the big guns in our batteries. We knew this portended early evacuation of Barrancas. The work was carried on at night through blinding clouds of dust that filled our eyes and throats, and which caused an epidemic of bad colds. Doubtless, this condition of our men was, in a large degree, responsible for so much fatal sickness in our regiment a week or two later at Island No. 10.

On the morning of March 5, 1862, our regiment, having more the appearance of a brigade than regiment, led by our own Steedman, and headed by a brass band, marched from Barrancas to Pensacola. It was an ideal spring morning, and the live oak groves and wild flowers along the way were in full bloom and resonant with the melodies of singing birds. All trunks, books, and heavy clothing had been shipped home. We were under marching orders for Island No. 10, a military post in the Mississippi river commanded by Brigadier-General J. P. McCown.

The next morning we boarded flat cars at Pensacola depot. A cold rain was falling that beat upon us until we reached Tensas landing. From Tensas we went by steamer to Mobile; thence in two sections and in passenger coaches by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to Corinth, Miss.; thence by the Memphis and Charleston Railroad to Memphis, Tenn., which we reached early on March 12, 1862. We were at once transferred to a steamer and started to Island No. 10. The boat was a leaky old transport, unfit for service, and of insufficient capacity to carry our regiment comfortably, compelling us to leave tents and heavy baggage behind. We were packed almost to suffocation on both decks. The river was at its highest flood, and

down its maddened and foaming billows uprooted trees and debris were being driven with resistless fury. We faced all day a cold north wind, and when night came the men spread down their blankets, covering every inch of available space, each trying to get as near the smokestack as possible. Learning during the day that the Federals had captured New Madrid, Mo., about twelve miles below Island No. 10, we landed about dark at Tiptonville, and at once marched to the former point, about six miles distant. We were halted for the night in an old cornfield, where, wrapped in blankets and stretched on the ground, we were soon asleep. An hour later we were aroused from this blissful state by a downpour of rain that lasted until daylight. Our tents did not reach us until a week later, during which time we suffered much from cold and rain.

Island No. 10 contained at this time about forty acres, was situated in the Mississippi river near the corner of Tennessee, Missouri and Kentucky. Its surface was about ten feet above the river at this stage. The eastern bank of the river for a mile or more was about twenty feet above the river level. Half a mile above the island the river, flowing south, abruptly turns northward to New Madrid, thence southeast to Tiptonville, a distance of 35 miles, thus forming a great peninsula, across whose neck from Tiptonville to Island No. 10 is only six miles. Nearly a mile above the island, where the river turns northwest, the east bank sinks to the general level of the valley; and there the river, overleaping its banks in a sheet of water half a mile wide and from two to five feet deep, flows southeast to Reel Foot lake, eight miles distant, encircling at this time Tiptonville, our fortifications and army in a great island. On the river's bank in the upper edge of this sheet of water, and facing directly up the river, was Rucker's battery of six guns forming our outpost defence. It was a miserable affair, knee deep in water, and its weak parapets affording little protection to men, guns, or ammunition. The ordnance and details could reach it only at night and in small boats; sometimes up the channel of the river, sometimes across the sheet of water through the swamp. Naturally, it was the main point of attack.

Besides Rucker's, there were six batteries on the east bank of the river, each mounting from two to four guns varying in calibre from 32 to 64-pounders; and on the island proper there were two batteries of four guns each, and an old barge anchored

in front of the island and having a battery of four guns. There were also quite a number of unmounted cannon. Our regiment, without sleep the previous night, mounted two guns on the 14th of March.

The next day the enemy's fleet of mortar boats and iron-clad gunboats arrived and at once attacked us, concentrating their fire on Rucker. All the batteries replied with vigor, and occasionally with effect. The cannonading was heavy and lasted until night with only slight damage to Rucker's battery.

Early on the morning of March 16, three of the enemy's strongest gunboats lashed together, advanced within close range and opened a vigorous fire upon Rucker's battery, and also upon our position below. They were now within fair range of all our batteries and every gun was brought into action. All day cannon thundered from the gunboats, the east bank, and the island. At Rucker's, one man was killed and several wounded by a shell. Beyond this there was no material damage to either side. This closed the biggest fight at Island No. 10, the fleet after this keeping well out of our reach. Major H. S. Foote, son of Mississippi's distinguished congressman, aid-de-camp to General McCown at Island No. 10, relates the following incident of Col. Steedman at this battle: "The ammunition was exhausted by 3 p. m. The Colonel of the First Alabama, who was at Rucker's with some of his men, came down to headquarters through water, waist deep in places, to get cannon cartridges. The cartridges were carried by negroes who had volunteered for the work, the Colonel of the First leading the way, I bringing up the rear. The sight inside that place (Rucker's battery) was enough to dishearten and terrify the bravest. There were our men, fighting with the desperation of despair; some of the guns were dismounted, the platforms sunk in mud and water, and dead and wounded lying around, the bursting shells; Rucker, like the hero he was, encouraging his men; and the men, stripped to the waist, at their guns, and all other sad sights of a fort almost battered to pieces by cannon shot. Nevertheless, that colonel of the First Alabama coolly walked into this chamber of death and there remained until the last cartridge was disposed of."

This fort was not captured until after its evacuation, and the retreat of the army.

Shortly after this the Federals fitted out at night a detachment of about fifty men and sent it down the river during a terrific storm to spike the guns in Rucker's battery. With muffled oars and under cover of darkness they reached the battery undiscovered, surprised the sentinels, and before the guard that was bivouacking fifty yards away could be aroused from sleep and reach the battery, spiked the guns and escaped.

In the meanwhile the enemy had successfully passed transports across the point of land opposite our batteries, and reached the river below us. The water at this point was several feet deep from the overflow of the river, and the enemy, by cutting down trees a few feet below the surface of the water and removing logs and other obstructions from a small bayou effected a practicable canal through the swamps for transports. The water was not deep enough for gunboats.

The enemy now attempted to run a gunboat past our batteries. Accordingly, on the night of April 4, 1862, which was stormy and dark, the pickets observed by the occasional flashes of lightning, unusual activity among the gunboats. A few minutes later, the Carondelet, sunk nearly to the water's edge, and protected by bales of hay, dashed out from the fleet on its perilous voyage. Smoke of stygian blackness rolled in immense volume from its smokestack as revealed here and there along its way by occasional lightning. It steamed directly in the face of Rucker's battery, approaching within two hundred yards of it; and then turning at right angles west pursued its course under a heavy fire from our lines without returning a shot. The guns of Rucker were out of order and could make no attack. The other batteries hurled tons of shot and shell at the bold craft. Reaching a point of safety below, the Carondelet fired a gun as a signal to the fleet that it had passed in safety.

On the morning of April 6, heavy firing in the direction of Point Pleasant, opposite New Madrid, indicated that the enemy was landing troops there under cover of the guns of the Carondelet. About 6 p. m., before we had eaten supper, the regiment was ordered to report at headquarters. There were hardly three hundred men in ranks. An hour later all the available troops of the command had assembled, leaving a few in charge of our fortifications, and we started in the direction of Point Pleasant, presumably to recapture our battery. About 2 a. m. we were drawn up in line half a mile from Point Pleasant, ex-

pecting to advance. But we were soon ordered to rest, and in a few minutes were asleep. When we awoke a heavy rain was falling. We were hungry and had no rations. About 9 a. m. our commissary wagons arrived. We commenced to cook rations, but were ordered, rather excitedly, to "fall in." We were soon in full retreat toward Tiptonville. The morning was warm, the road wet and muddy, we were tired and hungry, and all blankets and other surplus articles were promiscuously scattered along the way. The enemy's cavalry from Point Pleasant hung upon our rear, but kept at a safe distance. It was nearly sundown when we entered a large plantation in rear and in full view of Tiptonville, the smokestack of a gunboat being seen at the landing. We crossed the plantation about a mile east, and entered the swamp now dense with the foliage of spring. It was getting dark. The command was led by fresh troops who, becoming excited at some of our cavalry returning from a reconnoissance in front, produced some confusion in that quarter for a few seconds. Our gallant Major, S. L. Knox, commanding the regiment at that time, commanded the First Alabama "front face, right dress," and in a moment our regiment presented as straight a line as was ever seen on dress parade, standing alone and facing the supposed direction of the enemy. The whole thing was so sudden it was a severe test of the courage of the First Alabama, the presumption being that we had fallen into an ambushade, as the enemy was known to be in force in that vicinity. The fresh troops were formed about half a mile from this point; and our regiment after standing half an hour in this position, aligned with them. Here we stacked our arms, as we then thought only for the night, but in fact for surrender. During the night Gen. W. W. Mackall, who a week before had superseded General McCown, capitulated April 8, and the next morning we were formed and marched without guns to the river bank in an open field, and were formally surrendered to General Payne. General Mackall was much criticised for this surrender. Incompetency, and even treason, were charged, but there was no ground for either. Generals McCown and Mackall did the best that could have been done by any officers under all the circumstances. It was expected that our command would be sacrificed when sent to Island No. 10. General Braxton Bragg so informed Colonel Steedman several times since the war. It was done to hold Pope in check with

an army of forty thousand men until Albert Sidney Johnston could attack Grant at Shiloh. The idea that Mackall could have hastily constructed barges and escaped with his command across the Reel Foot lake, which at this point was ten miles wide, is absurd. True, a few fugitives, even some too sick to fall in line when we left camp, did this. But though this was possible to a few scattered men, while the army engaged the attention of the enemy, it would have been altogether impossible for the army itself. All honor to Generals McCown and Mackall and brave officers, who, with only five thousand men, hardly half of them fit for duty, kept back Pope for nearly a month. The sacrifice of our command alone gave Albert Sidney Johnston hope of victory at Shiloh; and our sufferings and fate, terrible as they were, were not in vain.

OFFICERS AND PRIVATES GO TO PRISON.

It has been noted that only three hundred men of the First Alabama reported for duty at the camps when we set out on our march from Island No. 10, and that Major Knox, instead of Colonel Steedman, commanded the regiment at its surrender. This ratio of men on the rolls to number able for duty prevailed in all other commands, so out of five thousand Confederates on the island, about fifteen hundred surrendered in line. The First had about one-third of its men in line. The terrible epidemics of measles, mumps and pneumonia had depleted our ranks, being especially severe on recruits. The First must have lost four hundred men in the twenty-seven days of service here, and from the effects of that service afterwards in prison. Many died and were buried at Island No. 10 before the surrender. After the surrender, the officers were transferred to Johnson's Island, the non-commissioned officers and privates to Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill.; to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill.; to Madison, Wis., and to other points of the north. For a month after reaching these prisons the mortality was fearful. One hundred and five of our regiment died at Madison, Wis. Here the graves of our First Alabama dead, along with other Confederate graves there, were marked, and the cemetery cared for during many years by a noble Southern woman, Mrs. Alice Waterman, now (1904) dead. She deserves the lasting gratitude of every Alabamian. A monument should be erected in this "Confed-

erate Rest," containing the names of each dead soldier; also the name of Alice Waterman in bold relief. We have before us a list of the names, so there can be no doubt about this.*

The Federal authorities, at least at Camp Butler, where the writer was in prison, did all that medical skill, hospital stores and comfortable quarters could do to arrest the appalling death rate of the Confederate prisoners, but in vain. While at Island No. 10 this writer visited sick friends in two of our hospitals; one on a steamer anchored opposite the island in the river; the other in a church, one or two miles in rear of our line. In the former the men were lying on the floor across the cabin, head to wall and feet to feet, with a space of twelve or eighteen inches between each. They all had pneumonia, and the space between each was literally covered with phlegm expectorated by the patients. The same was the case in the aisle, which was about three feet wide. The coughing, wheezing and groans were distressing. The situation at the church was the same, except that the patients had bunks. Our entire stock of medical stores seems to have consisted of one single item—blue mass. We have seen our surgeon standing in the door of the hospital tent with a wad of the delicious delicacy in his hand, and issuing it out to the sick apparently without regard to the nature of the disease.

The sickness and mortality at Island No. 10 are not to be wondered at, when all the circumstances are considered. Our men were mostly from extreme South Alabama, two-thirds of whom, fresh from home and wholly unused to hardships, had been suddenly thrown into a cold and rigorous climate at a season of the year most inviting to pneumonia, had been terribly and continuously exposed day and night, were without suitable food, and practically without medicine with which to combat the epidemic. The old soldiers of the regiment of 1861 lost very few of their number. Colonel Steedman, one of the ablest officers of the garrison, was stricken with pneumonia in both lungs a week before the surrender, and was in the hospital at the time of that event. When the surrender was known he was placed upon a litter by four of his regiment, who intended

*For list of dead buried at Madison, and the report of Col. Steedman on treatment of Confederate prisoners at Johnston's Island, see Chapter VIII, *infra*.

to carry him beyond the enemy's line, sometimes wading water knee-deep. He begged them to leave him and make their own escape which they emphatically refused to do, and all were captured together.

Colonel Steedman was sent first to Gratiot Street prison in St. Louis, Mo., in which city were many Southern sympathizers; and among these was James Harrison, whose daughters were also in sympathy with the South, one of whom (Dora) became the wife of the colonel in the fall of 1865. From St. Louis as soon as he was convalescent, Colonel Steedman was transferred to Columbus, Ohio, paroled for two weeks during further convalescence, thence to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie.

After the surrender to General Payne at Tiptonville on the morning of April 8, 1862, we spent the day in conversation with the Federals. Men and officers repelled as an insult the least insinuation that the war, professedly for the Union, involved the emancipation of slaves, declaring they would lay down their arms at once if they had the remotest apprehension that such was the case. Though doubtless sincere at the time, they did not make good this declaration upon the issuance of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation nine months later. That night, as usual at Island No. 10, the rain fell in torrents.

The next day we went by steamer to New Madrid, built fires of logs on the river bank, while the Federals gave us full rations and planks to sleep on. The next morning our officers left on steamer for Johnson's Island, and late in the evening the men boarded a large transport (used for carrying horses, cattle and supplies) for Cairo, which place we reached at daylight next morning. About 10 a. m. we were marched to the railroad depot, and late that evening left for Camp Butler. We reached Decatur early next morning, where a curious crowd had assembled to see "the rebels." As the train was detained here half an hour some of our men offered at auction Confederate money; or as the Yankees called it, "Jeff Davis script," and were surprised that it found ready buyers from 10 to 20 cents on the dollar.

That evening we reached Camp Butler, were formed in line, searched for weapons, and assigned to tents situated between two rows of barracks.

Camp Butler, an old camp of instruction, was about five miles east of Springfield, Ill., on the Sangamon river; and, at

the time of our arrival, had no walls. The soil was black and waxy, and during wet weather was very disagreeable. A line of soldiers called the "dead line" surrounded it. Colonel Morrison was in command—a big, rotund, rubicund, mellow-nosed Yankee, but withal a kind-hearted old gentleman. A regiment of Black Dutch constituted the guard. They were a set of sneaks and scoundrels, several times firing into our quarters without provocation, and on one occasion killing, on another wounding a prisoner. There was such a determined protest by the prisoners against such barbarism, that it was not repeated. About a month later these Dutch were sent to Virginia, where the regiment was annihilated (much to our delight) by Jackson; and a regiment of citizens (the 69th Illinois) guarded us from then on. These men treated us with every kindness consistent with military usage.

Colonel Fonda, their commander, succeeded Colonel Morrison as commander of the post, and he also was a good man. But, as previously stated, the fearful effects of exposure at Island No. 10 followed us to Camp Butler, and every day the prison hospital was receiving large accessions from our numbers, most of whom went thence to the cemetery. This fact, with our separation from loved ones, especially during the exciting times of war, required all our courage to withstand. Many died solely of melancholy, and it is doubtful if a single prisoner who could not keep up his spirit ever survived prison life. Hence we sought all kinds of diversions, of which making finger rings from bones, gutta-percha buttons and setting them with silver or gold, or with the bright inner shells of mussels, obtained abundantly from Sangamon river, was the chief. It was astonishing what skill some acquired in this art, and what beautiful rings they turned out with rudest tools.

The winter broke suddenly into spring a little after May 1. This was the third time that we had seen the trees bud for spring this year; at Pensacola in March, at Island No. 10 in April, and at Camp Butler in May. The prisoners now became healthy and everything more cheerful. We eagerly sought the morning papers for news from the front, but as nearly all the papers were in sympathy with the Union cause we had little faith in their statements, except the *St. Louis Republican*, which was thought to be in sympathy with the South. Whenever the news of victory reached us, the prisoners made the welkin ring with cheers and rebel yells.

In the meanwhile prisoners had been escaping in considerable numbers by running the "dead line" at night, generally in squads of six or seven at a time. Though between four and five hundred thus escaped, it was remarkable that not one was ever killed or wounded. A few, after weeks of hunger, toil and perpetual fear, made good their way to Dixie, but most were recaptured and brought back to prison, where they were put in close confinement for a few days. At this time there were many Southern sympathizers in this part of Illinois, and if the prisoners had known who they were and where they lived, the trip would have been easy. Colonel Morrison, while commander, was much chagrined by the escape of so many prisoners, and believed that his sentinels were bribed. On one occasion, about half drunk, he addressed a body of prisoners thus: "I want you rebels to explain to me how so many of you have escaped from this prison without a rascal of you ever getting hit by a bullet. You can't fool me; there is trading going on here. You can buy any man I have for 25 cents—any officer here for 50 cents—and me for a dollar," emphasizing the last assertion by a heavy stroke of his hand upon his breast. The prison was soon enclosed by a plank wall twelve feet high. After this two efforts to escape were made by tunneling and bribery, but without success. A few, however, made their escape by a bold dash at night to the wall, and by jerking off the planks. The prisoners at Camp Butler were given the full ration of a United States soldier, which was more than they could eat. The surplus was traded at the commissary for stationery, gutta-percha buttons, or for any other article we wished. E. J. M. Padgett was the regimental commissary, and he looked closely after our interests.

When the hot days of June came Colonel Fonda every morning formed in line as many prisoners as wished to spend an hour or two bathing, and marched them down to the beautiful Sangamon river. Though there were sometimes more than a thousand prisoners, there were never more than fifteen guards, Colonel Fonda having previously told us that he was doing this for our pleasure, and that he depended upon our honor, not to escape, which confidence no prisoner ever attempted to violate.

OUR GOOD TREATMENT IN PRISON EXPLAINED.

Owing to our kind treatment while in prison at Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill., in the summer of 1862, it was believed at the time by the Confederate prisoners that the head of the Federal Commissary was a Southern sympathizer, but of course we kept very quiet on that subject while there. After the publication of my sketch in *The Advertiser*, October 26 and November 30, 1902, I received the following letter, which explains itself:

"313 Catoma Street,
"Montgomery, Ala., March 13, 1902.

Mr. E. Y. McMorries, Plantersville, Ala.:

"Dear Sir—I have been very much interested in your sketch of the 1st Alabama Regiment in *The Advertiser*, especially in that part relating to the prisoners at Camp Butler, Ill. I was only a child at the time, but have a distinct recollection of many events of the period. My father, John S. Bradford, although a Southern sympathizer, was head of the Commissary Department for a period at Camp Butler, at what time and for how long I do not know. My mother was born in Kentucky, and was even much more of a 'rebel,' as she was at that time called, than my father. She was very active in helping the prisoners, especially those in hospitals. I remember her saying that what the sick seemed to crave more than anything else was milk. This she always tried to supply. We kept several cows on our place, then just outside of Springfield, and she had a large can made to order, and went almost daily to the hospital with milk, fruits, delicacies, etc. She is still living on the old place, which is now inside the city limits, having been a resident of Springfield over sixty-five years. She is now 87, and in good health, and has never been 'reconstructed.'

"The cemetery at Camp Butler is kept by the government. It is enclosed by a brick wall. The graves of the Federals are marked by marble headstones, and while the Confederate graves are not so marked, the section containing them is well kept."

"Yours truly,

"John Bradford."

There can be no doubt of the truth of every statement in the foregoing letter, and we owe a debt of gratitude to these noble people far beyond our ability to pay. They were friends in need. It must be remembered that it has cost her much greater sacrifice, and has demanded much higher courage to maintain her Southern sentiments than any native Southern woman residing in the South.

While this fair treatment was accorded the prisoners at Camp Butler, especially as to rations, the following from Colonel Steedman (1902) shows the treatment of our officers in prison at the same time on Johnson's Island. The reader must not forget that this was in 1862, and must not confound this with the cruel treatment in 1863-5, as shown later by the official report of Colonel Steedman. As a rule, we think Southern prisoners were treated reasonably well until after the Federal authorities adopted so-called "Retaliatory Measures."

OFFICERS IMPRISONED AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

"All the officers of the First Alabama regiment, except the few who escaped or were absent on furlough, were imprisoned on Johnson's Island for about six months. This island is situated in Sandusky Bay, Lake Erie, three miles from Sandusky city. It was a beautiful and healthy location for a prison. No one but officers were confined there. The buildings were new, wooden shells, but clean and comfortable, except in the extreme cold of the rigorous winter in that northern climate. The prisoners were well fed on good army rations, and there was little sickness among them. They were guarded by Home Guard militia, who treated them fairly well.

To this generally good treatment there was a single exception lamentable to the Confederates and disgraceful to the perpetrator. A guard, without provocation or notice, viciously shot Capt. J. D. Meadows through the thigh, which came near resulting in his death. A brave soldier, or more perfect gentleman than the victim of this barbarity never breathed.

Early in September, 1862, our officers were sent by rail to Cairo, and thence by steamboat to Vicksburg for exchange. These officers were crowded on the steamboat like so many cattle, just as our men were. Colonel Steedman informs me that he was glad to get a place on the Texas deck by the side of the

pilot house, large enough to spread his blanket. The pilots spit their tobacco juice across him, and some times by accident on him. Their rations were raw pork and "hard tack," which they broiled on long splinters before the boiler furnaces, each man taking his turn. The crew treated them kindly. It was a joyful day when officers and privates met at Vicksburg and in camp at Jackson."

It was difficult to get letters to or from the South beyond the Federal lines. Few ever reached us or our Southern homes.

Governor Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, afterwards president of the United States, visited the prison during the summer, and induced many Tennesseans to take the oath of allegiance. As these were marched out of prison they were jeered by the prisoners. No one of the First Alabama took the oath.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

On the morning of September 7, 1862, the First Alabama, forming a part of the second detachment of prisoners for exchange, and guarded by a company of the 69th Illinois, left on flat cars for Vicksburg by way of Alton, Ill. The fertile lands along the route covered with luxuriant crops of waving corn and large orchards of apple trees bending with heavy clusters of luscious fruit delighted us, the happiest of the happy. At every station were large crowds of every age, sex and condition to see the "rebels." The girls chunked the boys with red apples, and on several occasions slyly exhibited a miniature Confederate flag. At Alton the citizens gave us a lunch at the landing just before we embarked on the steamer. There was a large concourse of citizens and all treated us courteously, especially the ladies. An aged gentleman, with long flowing locks as white as snow, and whose dress and mien pointed him out as evidently being a leading citizen of that community, in particular attracted our attention as he walked back and forth along in front of us where we were standing and eating from the tables. He was not making a so-called speech, but he was talking. Pathetically he pleaded the cause of the Union while tears flowed freely down his wrinkled cheek. We were deeply touched by the tenderness of his appeal, by his venerable appearance and evident sincerity, but against all we were as obdurate as flint.

About dark we proceeded down the river, now at its lowest water-mark. At Cairo we were met by several boat-loads of

prisoners, and under escort of the Essex and Conestoga set out for Vicksburg. Our progress was slow owing to the sand-bars and large fleet, and being under flag of truce, we could not travel at night. We viewed with interest Rucker's battery, the east bank, and Island No. 10 as we passed, which now from low water appeared to be upon a bluff fifty feet high. We anchored at Memphis two days. While here the ladies of the town secured a little steam tug, and, crowding into it as long as one could stand on its deck, came out to our boat, bringing tobacco and eatables and showering us with kisses—thrown from the hand. As they approached our transport the prisoners naturally made a rush to the side nearest the tug, causing the boat to careen very much. The commander of the boat ordered the prisoners back to the other side. They refused to obey. He then threatened to order the Essex to fire into the tug, if we persisted in disobedience. Being plainly told what might happen to him in that case, the incident ended. While here we viewed the battle ground of our Arkansas Ram with the Federal fleet a few months previous, and the wreck of Federal gunboats by the Ram.

On the morning of September 21, 1862, we anchored in sight of Vicksburg. How we realized the goodness of God to us! How sad the reflection that so many of our comrades were left dead at Island No. 10, and at the various prisons of the North, and some even upon the banks of the river along our route from Alton.

The next day we bade our respected guard adieu, shaking hands with each, and assuring them of our appreciation of our kind treatment. They replied: "Now if you Johnnies ever capture us, all we ask is that you treat us as well as we have you." And we certainly should have done so. Landing on the west side of the river about a mile above Vicksburg, we marched down the river and crossed over on a ferry boat.

It has doubtless fallen to my happy lot to chronicle here the time and place Confederate prisoners were treated with more humanity than elsewhere, or at any other time during the war.

At the Vicksburg landing the ladies were serving free lunch of corn bread and barbecued beef from crude tables erected on the banks of the river, and here we spent a happy hour greeting officers and comrades from other prisons who had been exchanged at the same time at Vicksburg.

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CHAPTER III.

PORT HUDSON CAMPAIGN, 1862-1863.

ORDERED TO PORT HUDSON, AND CAMPAIGN THERE.

We were ordered to Port Hudson, La., but halted a few days in camp near Jackson, Miss. Before leaving Jackson officers were sent to Alabama to recruit the companies to full ranks if possible. From Jackson we went by rail to Tangipahoa, La., thence by march of thirty miles across the country to Clinton, La.; thence over a narrow-gauge railroad to Port Hudson, reaching the latter place October 4, 1862. The next day the regiment pitched camp about 100 yards above the landing on a high bank, affording a fine view of the river above and below, and of sugar-cane plantations across the river in front. Port Hudson, thirty miles above Baton Rouge, was at this time a military position of importance for two reasons: 1st. As an outpost defense to Vicksburg, by keeping back from Vicksburg Banks' army of 40,000 men; 2nd. Because this position commanded the mouth of Red river, by which the Confederacy obtained supplies from Western Louisiana, Texas, and Southern Arkansas.

Those of our comrades not captured at Island No. 10, and who had been organized into a battalion of three companies, aggregating 162 men, commanded by Capt. R. H. Isbell, rejoined us a month later. During our imprisonment this battalion had rendered valuable service in Northern Mississippi, having participated in the battle of Corinth, Miss., Oct. 3 and 4, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. Frank Gardner was commanding the post; Brig.-Gen. W. N. R. Beall, a brigade; Col. W. R. Miles, his legion, the total being about 5,500 men. Our regiment was assigned to Beall's brigade.

The river defenses, when completed, consisted of eleven batteries mounting a total of thirty guns, varying in calibre from

a four-inch Parrott to ten-inch Columbiad, and extending about one and one-half miles along the east bank of the river from the heights below Big Sandy creek to a bayou below. The batteries, numbered from the upper extremity, were manned by the First Alabama, and DeGournay's battalion of artillery.

The batteries of our regiment were:

Battery No. 1, Co. K, had one 20-pounder and one 30-pounder.

Battery No. 2, Co. A, had two 32-pounders.

Battery No. 3, Co. G, had one 42-pounder, and one 32-pounder.

Battery No. 5, Co. B, had one 128-pounder, and one 32-pounder.

The land defenses, when completed, consisted of a line of breastworks and batteries four miles long, somewhat in the form of a semi-circle connecting the upper and lower extremity of the river line of defenses. The semi-circle thus enclosed was a plateau rising abruptly to a height of eighty feet above low water-mark of the river, gashed here and there by yawning chasms and fringed on the north and south with deep ravines. A space of half a mile on each side of the railroad was an old field comparatively level, and strongly fortified. Distributed along this line were thirty-three batteries and redans numbered from left to right.

Very few of these batteries and fortifications had any existence, except on paper, when we reached Port Hudson, and some were never completed.

The regiment was armed with old flint-lock muskets.

An election held for lieutenant-colonel in October resulted in the election of Capt. M. B. Locke of the Perote Guards, a position he ever honored by his superior ability as an officer, by his dignity, his refined Christian character and uniform courtesy to subordinates. To this time since its reorganization, the regiment had been without a lieutenant-colonel.

As to the number of men and officers on the muster rolls of the regiment when it reached Port Hudson, and consequently its loss at Island No. 10, and in prison, I find different authorities widely at variance. But after careful examination and comparison we are bound to accept the official report of Gen.

Beall, Oct. 22, 1862, just eighteen days after our arrival, as the most trustworthy basis. He reports 312 effective men.* To this add 50 officers and we have 362; allowing 20 per cent. at hospital, and on furlough, we have 455; to which adding Isbell's battalion of 162, we have 617. Col. I. G. W. Steedman, in a letter dated May, 1902, to the writer, says: "We left Barancas, Fla., March 5, 1862, with not less than 1,000 men." If he includes Capt. Whitfield's company, which joined us a week later at Island No. 10, the total loss for this seven months is 1,000 less 617, or 383 men. If Whitfield's company (about 50 men) was not included, the loss was 1,050, less 617, or 423 men. The latter is more probably correct. Appalling as these figures are, they cannot be excessive. Brewer† puts the total loss at 150—figures absurdly incorrect when it is a certain fact that 104 of our regiment's dead are buried at the single prison of Madison, Wis., saying nothing of our heavy losses at Island No. 10, Camp Butler, Camp Douglas, Camp Chase, and other prisons, and the loss of Isbell's battalion during the interim. Further, subsequent official reports corroborate our estimate. Between Oct. 4, 1862, and the investment of Port Hudson, May 24, 1863, the regiment received over 200 recruits, Co. K receiving in one squad 45‡. A letter to Capt. J. P. Jones, July 5, 1863, from Port Hudson (just three days before the surrender), says: "First Alabama 585 strong." After the losses at Port Hudson and recruiting fall of 1863, Lieut.-Gen. Polk reports the regiment 745 strong at Meridian, Miss.

Companies A, B, G and K at once began the construction of their batteries on the river. The ground was hard, and progress slow and laborious, but by Feb. 1, 1863, nearly all the guns were in position. The men were daily practiced in the drill of the squad, company, battalion; and, after completion of batteries, the artillery also. The three new companies of the regiment and the many recruits to the seven old companies had no experience in any kind of drill, and these together constituted at least two-thirds of the regiment; but by the superior tact and industry of Col. Steedman, and, our Adjutant, Capt. S. D. Steedman, a recent graduate of the South Carolina Mil-

**Confederate Military History*, vol. vii, p. 53.

†*History of Alabama*, p. 589.

‡*Smith's Company K*, p. 46.

itary Academy, assisted by our veteran officers just exchanged, the regiment was soon thoroughly drilled and disciplined. It was recognized as the crack regiment of the Port Hudson army. One of the proofs that our regiment was held in the highest esteem was that the commanding general always called upon the First Alabama for important details of men and officers to execute special orders. Louisiana rum was the peculiar bane of the Port Hudson Army. The sugar planters, being unable to sell their sugar, converted it into this accursed liquid. Details from our regiment were sent out to destroy these distilleries. We were also placed as police guards on all roads leading to distilleries, and ordered to seize and confiscate the rum being brought into our lines. Many gallons were captured every night and brought to our guardhouse and poured out on the ground. Our old comrades will remember how the thirsty men would dip it up in cups, or drink it out of the ditches until driven off by the guards.

Our daily rations were "blue beef" and "corn bread," to which were occasionally added sweet potatoes and syrup. The ladies of Mobile presented each member of the regiment with a full suit of clothes, including overcoats and blankets; comfortable log cabins were erected for winter quarters; and the regiment was in fine health and spirits. Corn beer, of which every company had one or more stands, was our luxury. Diversions were sought in various ways by the men, but chiefly through "kangaroo courts." Cases were worked up during the day, a jury impaneled that night, an indictment found, the case argued by our lawyers, and the penalty of treating the crowd to beer imposed by the court on the unsuccessful party to the suit. The men also published (wrote) a daily newspaper called "The Mule." It dealt mainly in satire of men and officers on drill, and was replied to by a counter newspaper called "Woodchuck."

In a different way, our officers, mostly single, and a handsome set, too, had their pastimes. There were many large sugar planters in this section, and their beautiful and accomplished daughters in fine carriages and attended by retinues of servants made frequent visits to our camps "to see the soldiers." Well, they saw the soldiers, and our officers saw them, the result being that our officers made frequent visits to the palatial homes of these young ladies, attending balls, banquets, and other entertainments. But the company officers, having no horses

and the distance to these homes being too great to walk, had to leave the monopoly of all these pleasures to the staff. If there was anything on earth that a Southern woman, during these days, could not resist it was a Confederate soldier with brass bars and stars on his coat collar. There was some fascination even in a corporal's stripes.

In November, Col. Steedman hired a brass band of ten musicians, commanded by a Capt. O'Neal, the officers of the regiment by voluntary assessment paying the band. For proficiency it certainly had no superior if an equal in the Confederate service. Their instruments, too, were first-class. They played for us on drill and at night after taps took their position at the Colonel's tent and played us to sleep. We also had many superior fiddlers, Jack Gibson, of the Perote Guards, being the most skillful. Once a week, or oftener, and just after supper, he would open up a free concert in his tent. The first stroke of his bow never failed to be cheered enthusiastically by the regiment. After playing an hour or two he invariably closed with "O Lord Gals one Friday," which he would play, sing and dance at the same time. He was afterwards wounded (July 28, '64, at Atlanta) in the right arm just above the wrist, resulting in a permanent deflection of the arm at that point; and being asked whether he could still use the bow replied: "Why, yes; my arm now has exactly the right crook for the business."

Vast quantities of bacon, cattle, sugar and syrup were shipped through Port Hudson to the interior of the Confederacy. The cattle were made to swim across the river in full view of our batteries. No bacon and only a few of the poorest cattle were left for our garrison.

On November 16, 1862, the Federal fleet under Commodore D. G. Farragut appeared below in sight of our batteries. It was composed of the following vessels:

Wooden—Richmond, carrying 27 guns; Hartford, 26 guns; Mississippi, 23 guns; Monongahela, 16 guns.

Iron-clad—Kineo, carrying five guns; Albatross, 5 guns; Sachem, 5 guns; Genesee, 5 guns; Essex, 16 guns.

Mortar Boats—Also five mortar boats each carrying one 13-inch mortar. Total, 138 guns and five 13-inch mortars.

On the night of December 13, Capt. Boone's battery of light artillery, consisting of three pieces and supported by Companies

D and F of the First Alabama crossed the river, and gaining a position opposite the fleet and behind the levee without being discovered, opened fire at dawn. A spirited duel was kept up nearly all day, but without material results.

In January, 1863, the "Dr. Beatty," a large Red river transport, protected by cotton bales, carrying one 20-pounder parrott gun and about 500 infantry, left our landing and steamed up the river, flying a large Confederate flag. The Parrott gun was in charge of Lieut. J. Watts Kearney, and the whole expedition, under command of Maj. J. L. Brand. The Dr. Beatty, the Rams Webb, Queen of the West, and another cotton-protected steamboat constituted the famous expedition. Fully three thousand Confederates had assembled on the banks of the river to witness the departure, and the deafening acclamations of these and those on board marked this as one of the most memorable incidents of Port Hudson. The avowed purpose was the capture of the Indianola which had passed the Vicksburg batteries, and one of the most powerful river gunboats in the Federal Navy. How this improvised fleet performed this daring exploit in capturing the Indianola is one of the immortal achievements of the Confederate soldier and sailor.

FARRAGUT'S ATTACK ON PORT HUDSON.

On the night of March 14, 1863, "taps" had sounded and we had retired for the night when about 11 p. m. the discharge of several guns from below roused us from our bunks. Farragut's fleet was coming up. The long roll and the shrill shouts of officers, "fall in, men! fall in!" dinned our ears as we hurriedly rushed into our clothes, then into ranks, and then to our batteries. By this time the firing of the batteries below was tremendous, the fleet making no reply. The flagship Hartford, with its consort Kineo, and with Commodore Farragut and son lashed to the mast were leading the way. Following these in succession were the Richmond, Monongahela, Genesee and Mississippi, each, except the last, with an iron-clad consort. These were followed by the Essex and Sachem. The large heaps of lightwood knots on the opposite bank of the river prepared for exactly this kind of an emergency, were not lighted as ordered. Only starlight dimly revealed an outline of the advancing squadron. Battery after battery opened fire

as the fleet came within range. The batteries of the First Alabama regiment being uppermost were the last to become engaged, and the Federal gunboats opened fire about the same time. The scene now became one of indescribable grandeur. The river and our line of fortifications looked like a solid sheet of electric glare and flame. The deafening roar drowned the command of officers. Gunners and squads no longer awaited command, but loaded and fired as rapidly as possible. The mortar boats below having previously gained the range of our position, poured upon us a shower of bursting shells. Within half an hour the Hartford and consort had passed up without material damage; the Richmond, quitting the channel opposite battery 5, steamed directly toward the landing which was between batteries 5 and 3 under the guns of the First Alabama regiment. Our first impression was that she intended to disembark troops for a land attack, and all began to think of our muskets. She came within a few rods of the landing in full and close range of all four of the regiment's batteries and was several times struck. Her intention was to get close under the bluff of the river where, as she supposed, our guns could not bear upon her. But in this she was mistaken, for while her proximity did throw her out of range of most of our guns, the few that could bear upon her were all the more effective from being in such close quarters and in better view. Her sailors, thinking themselves safe, jeered the men of the First Alabama as the ship pulled up to the landing. At this juncture a large pile of lightwood knots down at the wharf was ignited by Confederates, but being between us and our enemy and therefore blinding to us was quickly extinguished. This position soon proved too hot for the Richmond. Within five minutes her machinery had been disabled as indicated by the shrill distressing hiss of steam. She hobbled out from the bank bearing up the river, and then back toward the channel in a curved line, and then drifted in a disabled and almost helpless condition down the river.

The Monongahela and Genesee following also diverged from the channel of the river toward our position, but were so quickly and seriously disabled that they retreated down the river as rapidly as their crippled condition would permit.

The Essex escaped with slight damage, and the Sachem never reached the range of the guns of the First Alabama regiment.

The gunboat Mississippi was struck in the forward part by a hot shot from a Confederate battery as she entered the battle, but her intrepid commander pushed vigorously into the fight with his ship afire in front, until reaching a position in front of our regiment she was grounded on the west side of the river perhaps one hundred yards from the bank. Seeing the impossibility of saving the vessel he fired her in the after part and abandoned her. The flames spread rapidly and she was soon enveloped. Fifteen minutes later she broke loose from the bank and went floating down the river a huge and roaring pyramid of flames, the towering vertex now bending before an occasional breeze, and then when there was a lull darting vertically upward and hurling skyward a continuous stream of angry sparks and firebrands. Her hundreds of loaded shells were soon reached by the fire, and the rapid explosion of these, sometimes singly in quick succession, at other times a dozen or more simultaneously sounded like a heavy cannonade and equalling if not surpassing in every element of the sublime, the terrific battle through which we had just passed. The firing had all ceased, and we had nothing to do but sit upon our batteries and enjoy the thoughts of our triumph and the grand spectacle before us. We thought of and pitied the wounded, if any there were, on the burning ship. The fleet below fled in consternation from their late companion and disappeared from view. About 5 a. m. this floating volcano rounded a point of land on the opposite bank five miles below and the flames sank out of view, but we gazed with unabated interest on the crimsoned horizon beyond. This gradually grew paler and paler until about 5 a. m., when there was a fearful explosion resembling in report that of a heavy peal of thunder in the distance, the flames leaped high above intervening lands and forests, the shock being distinctly felt at our batteries; and what remained of the old historic Mississippi sank to the bottom of the river.

Had the lightwood knots on the opposite shore been promptly lighted it is believed that no vessel could have passed our batteries. A singular coincidence is that the Confederate ram Arkansas, co-operating with Gen. John C. Breckinridge in a land attack on Baton Rouge about a year previous, had gone down at almost the same spot.

Several of the Mississippi's crew were killed and probably burned with the vessel. Some of the wounded leaped into the

river and were drowned; about forty men were captured, the rest escaped, among them being the executive officer, Lieut. George Dewey, later the distinguished "hero of Manila."

The captain's gig taken from the Mississippi fell to the lot of Col. Steedman, and furnished him and his officers much sport when off duty.

As to the origin of the fire on the steamship Mississippi, and as to which ship it was that came up so close under our batteries, several theories were at the time advanced, and have since been contended for.

Anxious to have the question definitely and correctly settled, I addressed a letter to Admiral George Dewey May 29, 1903, propounding the following questions: (1) Was it the Richmond or Mississippi that came up so close to the landing on the night of March 14, 1863, at Port Hudson? (2) Was the steamship Mississippi fired by a hot shot from a Confederate battery, or fired by its executive officer?

The following reply from the distinguished Admiral settles the question that it was not the Mississippi that steamed up so close to the landing that night, and could he have spoken as definitely as to which one it was that did come so close his statement would have been final. It is seen that he inclines to the opinion that it was the Hartford instead of Richmond, but of this he is not certain. Not undervaluing the weight of even an indefinite impression of so distinguished a man who was a participant in the battle, I have, after mature consideration, and not without hesitation, felt it my duty to follow the almost unanimous opinion of authors, that it was the Richmond, until further light shall establish it as an error.

Admiral Dewey's letter is as follows:

"Navy Department.

"Office of the Admiral of the Navy,

"Mills Building, Washington, June 1, 1903.

"My Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of May 29, relative to the battle of Port Hudson, and will gladly give you such information as I can in response to your inquiries.

"I was the executive officer of the 'Mississippi' in the battle named, and it was not that vessel of which you speak as steaming

up nearly to the landing, as we were on the other side of the river, and grounded; nor do I think it was the 'Richmond.' My impression is that it was the 'Hartford,' which ran in so close to the landing, though I am not positive on the matter.

"The 'Mississippi' was first fired, in the forward part, by a hot shot from one of the Confederate batteries; afterward, finding that she could not be floated and saved, we fired her in the after part and abandoned her.

"I hope that you and I may sometime come into close range again, but under different circumstances from those of that memorable 14th of March.

Very truly yours,

"George Dewey.

"Professor E. Y. McMorries,
"Plantersville, Ala."

The object of getting these ships above us was to cut off supplies west of the river from the Confederacy, and to enable Gen. N. P. Banks, then descending Red river valley with 20,000 men, to cross the river at Bayou Sara, six miles above Port Hudson.

Affairs now relapsed into their former status, the fleet daily shelling our lines with slow guns in a desultory way. An Armstrong rifle-gun on the fleet amused itself by throwing 250-pound shells into our upper batteries, and sometimes even into Sandy creek swamp, half a mile above our lines—an extraordinary range at that time, being about five miles.

On the night of May 9, Col. Paul F. DeGournay with a detachment of artillery, and Co. K of our regiment, having in all four guns, intrenched under cover of darkness at Troth's landing opposite the fleet, and early next morning opened fire upon the Essex. The whole fleet, mortar boats and all, joined the Essex in her reply. The battle was furious and against fearful odds until 1 p. m., when our men withdrew, Co. K's gun having been disabled.

May 14, 1863, Gen. C. C. Augur, commanding a Federal force of 10,000 men at Baton Rouge, threw out an advance line of skirmishers toward Port Hudson, and encountered our cavalry pickets in a light skirmish at Plains' store, about six miles below Port Hudson. The aggressive activity of Federal cavalry on both sides of the river, Gen. Augur now advancing from Baton Rouge, Banks crossing the river at Bayou Sara, left

no doubt that Port Hudson was to be invested. The effective force at Port Hudson never exceeded 3,500 men. The Confederates were in high spirits, having not the least doubt of their ability to hold the position against any odds.

May 19 a detachment of our regiment crossed the river and without loss, severely chastised a body of marauding Federal cavalry, the latter leaving several dead and wounded on the field. The fighting down the Plains' Store road was daily getting nearer and heavier, showing that Gen. Augur was gradually forcing back our line, artillery being brought into action on the 19th and 20th.

While we were at our batteries interested listeners to the battle several miles away, Gen. Frank Gardner, our Major-General commanding, unattended (as usual) by any member of his staff, his ruddy face animated and his eyes aglow, showing that the lion in him was aroused, rode up to our battery and asked: "Are you all ready here?" Being assured that we were, he pointed in the direction of the firing and said: "The enemy are coming, but mark you, many a one will get to h—l before he does to Port Hudson"—words that proved prophetic if he meant that many would be killed in battle.

On May 22 Gen. Banks began his advance from Bayou Sara upon our position. Our pickets met his advance in the Aberger plantation beyond Big Sandy creek and drove them back. On May 23 the skirmishing was resumed and kept up all day in the same position. That night our cavalry, reinforced by a detachment of infantry, intrenched in rifle pits in the skirt of woods between Big Sandy creek and the plantation. The next day the enemy advanced upon us in a heavy skirmish line that was promptly repulsed. This heavy picket fighting, occasionally approaching a heavy battle, was kept up all day, the Confederates holding their position. That night our infantry fell back to our rifle pits south of Big Sandy creek. In the meanwhile Col. Miles had been doing some hard fighting on the right with Augur, and on the 24th a portion of Beall's brigade was likewise engaged. The investment of Port Hudson was now complete, and the enemy's forces less than half a mile from us. The position of the regiment on the morning of the 25th was in the swamp about one hundred yards south of Big Sandy. There was much large timber, but very little undergrowth. Where rifle pits were wanting breastworks of logs were hastily

constructed. A light skirmish line was thrown forward to the creek to impede the enemy in crossing, and soon a brisk fight was on. The enemy, with a strong force, drove in our pickets, and charged our position. He was driven back with loss. The enemy fleeing, our skirmish lines pursued and drove them back across the creek. They rallied, reinforced and again drove in our pickets, charged and were repulsed. Several times this was repeated during the day. In the evening, just after one of these charges and repulses, a Federal lieutenant was wounded and captured. As he was being carried back through our lines on a litter dripping blood, he raised himself up and abused us without stint, adding that the Federals would have Port Hudson in twenty-four hours. He was quite a handsome young man, and our men applauded him for his pluck, but assured him that he was mistaken in judgment. After the last charge and repulse of the enemy nearly sundown that evening, our pursuing skirmishers, commanded by Capt. Knowles, not only drove them back across Big Sandy creek, but crossed themselves where Capt. Knowles captured and brought back a very fine horse as a trophy, of which he was very proud.

Col. Steedman having been put in command of the left wing, composed of the First Alabama, 15th Arkansas and 10th Arkansas, a detachment of Wingfield's battalion and 39th Mississippi regiment, Lieut.-Col. M. B. Locke commanded the regiment from this time to the end of the siege. Col. Steedman, during the siege, won the highest encomiums from his men and superiors, and would have received a brigadier-general's commission soon afterwards had he not been captured and sent to prison; while Col. Locke proved himself a brave and able regimental commander.

About sundown the regiment fell back to the heights about a quarter of a mile from our line of fortifications, had stacked arms and were lying about promiscuously on the ground, when Col. Steedman rode up, having received an order from Gen. Gardner to advance and "feel" for the enemy, and in a loud tone commanded Col. Locke to take the First Alabama regiment and go forward until he struck the enemy. The evening twilight had just faded from the western horizon, and a full moon was mounting the eastern sky as the regiment descended the bluff into the deep swamp canopied high above with the luxuriant foliage of a giant forest. The enemy's pickets, perceiving our advance, had ceased firing, and ensconced behind

trees were silently awaiting our approach. Our way led through a clearing of deadened timbers and over ground densely covered with shrubbery, brush, briars and logs. Through this tangled copse we made our way the best we could in various squads. A slough of thick underbrush formed the farther margin of this clearing, and when we were within a few yards of it, the enemy lighted up his lurking places with a blaze of musketry. Exposed to a hidden foe we returned the fire until ordered to fall back, carrying with us our dead and wounded. We had "felt" the enemy. During the night battle a minie rifle ball cut out the letter "C" from the hilt of Col. Steedman's sword, leaving the letter "S"—destroying the Confederacy, but leaving the States. The sword is still in his possession (1904). Lieut.-Col. Locke wore the sword that night by mistake. The vital importance of the delay thus secured by these days of fighting in advance of our main line of defense, will be better understood by adding here an extract from Col. Steedman's official report of the siege of Port Hudson. Had not these rifle pits been constructed, the enemy would have entered Port Hudson May 27, 1863.

EXTRACT FROM COL. STEEDMAN'S OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE SIEGE.

"The enemy's demonstrations on this day convinced me beyond a doubt that he had determined to attack our lines in the vicinity of our commissary depot, arsenal, etc. Up to Monday night, the 25th of May, no works of any description had been thrown up to defend this position, extending from Col. Johnson's advanced work, on the right of my command to a point within five hundred yards of the river on the left, including a space of three-fourths of a mile. There was not a rifle pit dug nor a gun mounted on Monday night.

"I reported my convictions to the Major-General commanding. The evidence was satisfactory to him, and he ordered all the available tools, negroes, etc., to be placed at the disposal of the Chief Engineer. The work was promptly laid out by Lieut. Dabney and ere the dawn of Tuesday, considerable progress had been made. A battery of four pieces had been mounted during the night on the hill in the immediate vicinity of the commissary depot which, since that, has been called Commissary Hill. The emergency being great, this work was pressed with energy

all Tuesday and Tuesday night, so that by Wednesday morning an imperfect line of rifle pits had been thrown up to protect the most exposed points on the left wing."

During the night of May 26 the entire Confederate army took position along our line of breastworks, where we remained during the period of forty-nine days of siege that followed. Port Hudson was not provisioned for a siege. Gen. Gardner had received orders to evacuate it, but the rapid approach of Gen. Banks prevented its execution.

The position of the command and the assignment of commanders for the siege were as follows: Maj.-Gen. Franklin Gardner, commanding all the Confederate forces; Col. I. G. W. Steedman, acting brigadier-general, commanding the left wing; Brig.-Gen. W. N. R. Beall, commanding the center; Col. W. R. Miles, commanding the right wing.

Beginning at the extreme left and giving in the order in which they occur, the left wing was composed of the following regiments, and in the order named: The 39th Mississippi, a detachment of Col. Wingfield's dismounted cavalry, 10th Arkansas, 1st Alabama, and 15th Arkansas regiments; the center, of the 23d Arkansas, 16th Arkansas, 1st Arkansas and 12th Arkansas; the right wing, of DeGournay's battalion of artillery and Col. Miles' legion.

The distribution of Confederate batteries numbered from left to right was as follows: On the left wing were batteries 3, 6, 11 (Fort Desperate), 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17; on the center, batteries 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25; on the right wing, batteries 26, 27, 28, 29, 33. Missing numbers indicate batteries planned, but never constructed. On the left wing were no defenses except that the timbers for two hundred yards in front had been felled, the surface being so rugged that the skill of the engineer was hardly deemed necessary. The position of the First Alabama, about three-quarters of a mile from the extreme left, was between the 10th Arkansas on its left, and the 15th Arkansas on its right. A ravine pierced the right of our regiment, separating Co. A and its battery from the rest of the regiment. The length of the left wing was one and one-half miles long and defended by 1,600 effective men. This put the men along the line in single file about five feet apart. Our regiment never at any time had its full strength at the breastworks; detachments from Companies A, B, G and K being kept at their

respective batteries, and two detachments from Co. K being assigned, one to a redan on the Jackson road, and the other to battery 11 on the river.

During the siege several heavy guns were transferred from the river batteries to the breastworks, wooden guns shaped and painted like cannon being substituted to deceive the enemy below. It is singular that the fleet made no serious effort to capture any of our river batteries during the siege.

Contrary to expectation, the enemy did not push his advance May 26, and this gave the regiment an opportunity to intrench. This delay of one day by Banks was a fatal mistake to him.

Late in the evening of the 26th, Gen. Banks sent in to Gen. Gardner a formal demand for the surrender of Port Hudson. It was a lengthy document, written in that elegant style for which Gen. Banks was so noted. It set forth his ability to take Port Hudson at his will, but expressing earnest desire to save the unnecessary effusion of blood. To this Gen. Gardner replied briefly that his orders were to defend Port Hudson and that he should obey his orders. This formal demand of Gen. Banks and the laconic reply of Gen. Gardner were printed and distributed that night along the Confederate lines. So all knew that we were standing on the "perilous edge of battle." It was midnight when we were ordered to quit work and to sleep on our arms. The men, falling on the ground in the rear of the ditches, were soon in slumbers. The firing had ceased and the note of the whippoorwill in the ravine above us alone broke the stillness of the night. To the thoughtful it was an hour of serious reflection. To many it was the last sleep before that of their final rest.

At early dawn of May 27 Banks opened a heavy cannonade upon our whole front, the fleet shelling the river batteries. Shot, grape, shrapnel were whizzing everywhere, tearing up our breastworks here, plowing up the ground there, crashing through the trees yonder amid terrific explosion of shells. About 120 pieces on land and nearly as many heavy pieces from the fleet had their fire concentrated upon us. This was maintained an hour when there immediately issued from the woods in our front a long line of burnished steel and waving banners. This was followed by another line, and this by another. What a host advancing against a single line where the men stood five feet apart. Our arms were the old flint lock musket (but they

were a sure fire) not effective over forty yards; the enemy were armed with the powerful Enfield rifle. Our cartridge was a ball and three buckshot, a destructive missile at short range. Owing to the ruggedness of the ground and felled timbers, the enemy could not preserve their lines intact and soon became a conglomerate mass. We awaited their approach in silence. When within forty yards we were commanded to fire. A blaze of musketry flashed from our ramparts. The enemy was dazed and stunned by the suddenness of the blow and the fearful effect of our first volley. Over one-fifth of his number were upon the ground dead or wounded. There was a momentary pause, and then rallying and raising a shout they charged. The Confederates now loaded and fired as rapidly as possible. The enemy was falling thick and fast at every step of his slow advance over brush, but still he bravely pressed on, firing as he came, until within a few feet of our lines and then—fled in utter panic and rout. As usual, the retreat was more disastrous than the advance, and the ground within range of our muskets was literally covered with blue-coats. Shouts of Confederates right and left, assured us of a general repulse along our whole front. Before the enemy's advance he had covered a ridge about fifty yards in front of our regiment with sharp-shooters, and these lay in perfect security and shot our men as they raised their heads and bodies above the breastworks to fire. These Yankee sharp-shooters inflicted the principal damage on our regiment, killing and wounding many more men than the charging columns.

The stampeded Federals rallied under protection of the woods in front and charged again, and were again repulsed. This second charge was made about 10 a. m. After these, repeated assaults were made during the day upon our position, but the enemy never reached as near our works or fought with as much courage as on the first charge. Late in the evening the firing ceased and our next thoughts were of our dead and wounded. The latter had been promptly removed to our field hospital in a ravine 200 yards in the rear, but litters were leaning here and there along our ramparts saturated with blood, and blood was running and puddling in the trenches. Col. Locke received a painful wound in the neck from a spent ball; but, bandaging it with his pocket handkerchief stood bravely to his

post. The total loss of our regiment was 32 killed and 44 wounded.

During the fierce assault of May 27 on our whole left wing, Commissary Hill was an especial object of attack. Here we had a four-gun battery, and behind it were our commissary stores, arsenal and old gin-house containing the little grist mills which did all the grinding for the army. Our battery did great execution by destroying a number of field guns, but sharpshooters hidden in the fallen timbers soon made our battery untenable by shooting our gunners, compelling them to lie behind the parapet and await assault. Col. Steedman took his position in this battery. A ditch near the battery was enfiladed by sharpshooters; the Colonel ordered the Adjutant, Capt. S. D. Steedman (who is the brother of Col. Steedman) to remove the men from this ditch; in attempting to do so he was shot down by a rifle ball striking him over the heart. He was taken to the rear, supposedly mortally wounded, but late at night the Colonel and regiment were delighted to hear that the ball was deflected by a rib and came out at the back, and our adjutant was still living. He soon recovered from the wound and resumed duty.

Our experience on the night of May 27 was new to us, and distressing. The piteous cries of "water," "water," from hundreds of the enemy's wounded, and the groans of the dying now touch with deepest sympathy those with whom they had but today been locked in deadly strife. Several of our men took the risk and carried canteens of water to those nearest our lines. When these returned they reported plenty of Enfield rifles near our ramparts. Our men quickly supplied themselves, and after this each man kept two loaded guns, his Enfield for 'long taw,' and flint and steel for close quarters.

Early next morning Gen. Banks obtained a flag of truce for the burial of his dead and removal of his wounded. Col. Locke, by direction of Col. Steedman, met the flag. Several immense openings in the earth were made in front of our regiment each with a capacity of about 100 men. Into these the dead were piled and covered. A brigade of negroes had charged the 39th Mississippi on our left; about half were killed outright on the field, and for the burial of these Gen. Banks never asked a flag of truce. They lay there in the hot sun and putrified and swelled until the stench became so unbearable to Col. Shelby of

the 39th Mississippi, that he asked Gen. Banks to allow him (Shelby) to bury them. Gen. Banks replied that he had no dead there.

This ended the greatest battle of Port Hudson during the siege. It taught us that a few men with a determination to stay could hold a fortified position against great odds.

The enemy began a series of zig-zag approaches to our lines and soon had their breastworks within 75 yards of us. Both sides placed notched logs longitudinally on their breastworks, the notches being turned down and used as port-holes through which sharp shooting was plied vigorously from daylight to dark. Both Federal and Confederate sharpshooters got the exact range of the opposite openings and could shoot through them every fire. Many of our men lost their lives at these positions, and a Federal officer told the writer after the surrender that twenty-three Federals had been killed through a single one during the siege. Another source of loss was carelessness. During a long siege men become accustomed to bullets and to a degree lose sense of danger.

As an instance out of hundreds I give the circumstances of the untimely and tragic death of Newton Soles, a youth of 16, and naturally inclined to be a little thoughtless. The heat of the sun was so intense that we were permitted to erect, in rear of the breastworks what we called "shebangs." These were made by first driving down into the ground two small stakes three feet high and about seven feet apart and connected at the top by a ridge pole, across which a blanket was stretched. Then, at right angles to these stakes, and about three feet from each, four other stakes each about one foot high, were driven down to which each corner of the blanket was fastened. Two men could very well occupy a "shebang." On the day of his death Newt proposed to me to build one. This point of the line was on a hillside; and, in getting from the ditch to the bank in rear one had to be very careful not to let his head, or the least part thereof, show itself above the breastworks, because it was almost certain death. As we ascended the bank I said to Newt: "Look out for your head there." He was on the upper side of the hill. We had just put up the two high stakes, the ridge pole, and had stretched the blanket, when I heard the thug of a bullet. Newt rolled into the ditch, dead.

with the blood pouring from a wound in his head. He never spoke afterwards.

On the evening of June 13, Gen. Banks made another demand for surrender. But Gen. Gardner again courteously declined. Men and officers preferred to fight.

The opening of the battle at dawn on the next morning by Gen. Banks was very similar to that on May 27, but he had in position more artillery and his infantry was nearer our lines. A furious cannonade was maintained about two hours. Their shot and shell frequently passed entirely over the Confederate semi-circle and fell among their own men on the opposite side. After this free-for-all entertainment, the enemy advanced to the assault in three double lines of battle. We used our Enfield rifles until within 30 or 40 yards, and then our old flint and steel muskets. Under a destructive fire from our men the enemy bravely advanced until within twenty yards, and then fled in panic amid loud rebel yells along our whole lines. Again and again they reformed and charged, but never came as near as on the first charge. In fact, towards the last of the battle their officers could hardly get the Federals to leave their own breastworks. They were not cowards, but brave men. They saw no hope of storming our position successfully and were demoralized. Had it been simply a question of Bank's Army taking Port Hudson, the Confederate flag would have been floating over its ramparts today (1904), and forever after this. Again had their dead and wounded covered our front. Sharp-shooters on that ridge again killed and wounded several of our regiment. Blood flowed freely along our trenches.

This was the last general assault upon our position. The attacks made May 27 and June 14 are known as the two great battles of Port Hudson. After this the two armies resumed sharp-shooting through portholes. Large green trees between us and the enemy were shot to death and into splinters with minie balls. The enemy, generally at night, made frequent sorties upon some points of our lines, but were promptly repulsed. They also occasionally annoyed us with hand grenades—diminutive bombs. For this they would select a dark night, and an hour when all except videttes were supposed to be asleep, creep stealthily as near as possible, then make a dash forward to our breastworks, toss the grenade into our trenches and run back to their ditches before we could be roused from

sleep and get into line. Several hundred of these little bursting bombs popping like so many big fire-crackers away in the night produced many laughable incidents among the boys. Though we never slept over ten steps from our line, before we could be aroused and get into position the hand grenades were all burst, and the Yankees all gone.

Col. Steedman, in a letter to the writer, dated July 2, 1902, relates the following incident of the siege of Port Hudson:

"About the middle of the siege, the enemy attempted to make a sneak through our lines in the night. A picked command was formed, possibly a thousand men. They selected the slaughter pen route. This pen stood on a high bluff, deep ravines from the neighborhood running into Sandy creek. These ravines were filled with the offal of many hundred cattle. The attempt was made in a rain-storm. The men got separated and lost while bogging and floundering in this awful putrid mess. They came straggling through our thin line, and were captured in detail. The greater number scrambled back to their own lines. Those captured were hideous, stinking objects and glad to get a chance to wash up.

"Had this picked command succeeded in getting through our lines in good order, and been followed up by reinforcement, Port Hudson might have been captured that night; but good luck and brave men saved it. This is written from memory, but is correct in essentials, my headquarters being within a few hundred yards of the spot."

As the siege progressed sickness increased. We had no protection from a burning sun, our food most unwholesome, and we were not permitted to take off accoutrements day or night. Since the middle of June we had nothing but corn bread and syrup and only a scanty supply of corn. We had a few peas and these were ground with corn for bread, but it produced so much sickness that the surgeon ordered its discontinuance. Green muscadines were cooked into preserves that tasted well, but also caused sickness. For some reason not a fish could be caught out of the river. There were several old mules in our lines in medium order, and Gen. Gardner had these slaughtered and issued to the men. Some of the boys also caught and cooked big rats. "How do mule and rat taste?" The writer did not get a chance at rats, though during the siege they were considered a delicacy. He tried mule meat, and corn

bread shortened with mule grease. Famished as he was, his stomach rebelled against the latter. The former had a flavor somewhat like turkey, but it tasted like nothing else he knows except a mule.

Those who used tobacco (as most did), suffered much from lack of it. Many kinds of bark and roots were substituted.

THE SURRENDER OF PORT HUDSON.

All through the siege we cherished hope of relief through Gens. Joe Johnston and T. M. Logan. The latter, with a brigade of cavalry did attack Banks's rear in hearing of Port Hudson. Though we had no fears of the enemy, who was thoroughly whipped and demoralized already, yet having nothing to eat and being nearly out of ammunition, all foresaw our inevitable doom. But negotiations for surrender came earlier than anticipated, and from a source not expected. On the night of July 6, a hand grenade, to which was attached a message from Gen. Grant to Gen. Banks stating that Vicksburg had surrendered on July 4, 1863, was thrown by a Federal picket into our lines. This dispatch was immediately carried to Col. Steedman. He carried it to Gen. Gardner at headquarters. The result was a council of war immediately, in which it was determined to send a flag of truce to Gen. Banks next morning and ask whether this telegram were genuine and true. Gen. Banks replied upon his honor that it was true, and that one of Grant's army corps was already on the way to Port Hudson, and that another would follow next day. Commissioners to treat for surrender from both sides met under a tent-fly between the lines on the morning of July 7. Col. I. G. W. Steedman, Col. W. N. Miles, and Col. M. J. Smith were the Confederate commissioners. The Federals demanded an immediate surrender; the Confederates, by every possible artifice, strove to postpone the surrender until the morning of the 8th, their object being to gain time by which Confederates might make their escape from Port Hudson during the night. A heavy rain and thunder storm luckily came up from the west late in the afternoon and thus gained us a night's delay before formal surrender.

By 9 a. m. on the morning of the 8th, white flags were flying all along the ramparts of friend and foe. Vicksburg had gone,

Port Hudson must go! Our long struggle of seven weeks had been in vain! So many of our comrades had died in vain! No, not in vain, for our little band had held back forty thousand Federals from Vicksburg. Groups of Federals and Confederates were soon together between the lines in conversation, and trading—a trade is always the first thought of a Yankee. We had syrup and sugar; they had bacon, crackers, coffee, and tobacco, and trade ran briskly in these commodities. That evening we were ordered back to camps, followed by Banks's commissary train that issued to us bountiful rations of beef, crackers, and other supplies. What a feast! But over it all hung the shadow of imprisonment.

Next morning, July 9, we were ordered up in line of battle fronting Gens. Banks and Gardner, and grounded arms. The ceremony of surrender was over, and we were prisoners. Gen. Banks addressed us in a brief speech, commending most highly our heroic defense of Port Hudson, and closed by saying that brave men could always be trusted, and that every private and non-commissioned officer should be released on parole. This announcement was received with joy, but mixed with regret that a hard fate awaited our faithful officers. For this magnanimous act the Port Hudson prisoners were ever grateful; and it was an act of magnanimity, pure and simple, and not of motives. Gen. Banks so assured the writer in a private letter written in 1878.

THE MARCH TO SHUBUTA AND HOME TO ALABAMA.

The work of paroling began July 11, and was completed July 14, 1863. During this time several of our sick died at our hospital, and several of our officers, among them Maj. S. L. Knox, obtained paroles given to these dead privates, donned a private's uniform, and passed out of the Yankee lines without being detected. A few of the officers, after perilous adventure and much suffering from hunger and thirst, effected their escape through the enemy's pickets.

Receiving our paroles, we passed through the enemy's lines at our breastworks on the Clinton road, camping that night about ten miles from Clinton. Here several of our officers who had made their escape, rejoined us. We gave them an ovation. The citizens along the way out to Tangipahoa on the

line of Mississippi and Louisiana were exceedingly kind and generous. These Louisianians were a princely people, and intensely loyal to the South. At many points along the road free lunch stands had been erected where the soldiers were served by the white ladies and negroes. Many of these young creole women were beautiful; so that while we satisfied the cravings of hunger, we feasted our eyes. To the women of the Confederacy there were no strangers in the Southern army; all were brothers. Men, women and all would say: "Our roasting ears are ripe; plenty of watermelons in the fields; if we have anything you need, take it; nothing we have is too good for you; it all belongs to you while you are with us. We appreciate your services to our State at Port Hudson."

The railroads being torn up, we had to walk from Port Hudson to Shubuta, Miss., on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, a distance of 180 miles. Of this, 120 miles lay across the entire State of Mississippi, which required a week's travel, and where we had much difficulty in getting food and shelter; and never without pay. They would not even haul our sick a few miles without compensation. But perhaps our treatment was what might have been expected; as we have since been informed, the poor piney woods Mississippi counties we marched through were filled with a very large element, notoriously disloyal to the Confederacy. Jones, one of these counties, was so intensely Union in sentiment, that it is said at some time during the war to have passed an ordinance, seceding from the Confederacy.

We went by as direct a route as possible to Shubuta, where we took the cars, reaching home during the last days of July. Here we remained two and one-half months, enjoying a much-needed rest, bounteous rations, and social gatherings.

Officers were sent to prison and held to the close of the war.

CHAPTER IV.

MERIDIAN, MOBILE, AND GEORGIA CAMPAIGNS.

REGIMENT REASSEMBLED.

October 12, 1863, the regiment, Maj. S. L. Knox commanding, was ordered to Cahaba, Ala., and went into parole camps on a high hill two or three miles west of the town. We had not been exchanged in accordance with the terms of our paroles, and an effort by our officers to put us on duty in violation of our paroles was bitterly resented by almost every member of the regiment. By the terms of our parole, we were to perform no kind of military service or duty until regularly exchanged according to the provisions of the cartel of exchange. We had not been so exchanged, nor were we afterwards. The commissioners of exchange had annulled this cartel, simply "declaring all paroled prisoners exchanged."

However, our officers having satisfactorily explained the situation in reference to exchange, we entered upon duty. We always doubted, and still, doubt, the legality of our exchange, and had we been recaptured might have been severely dealt with.

On Nov. 9, the regiment left Cahaba for Meridian, Miss., spending the night in an old cotton warehouse in Selma. As the regiment marched from the warehouse next morning through the streets to the depot, the effects of whiskey were much in evidence. Reaching Meridian Nov. 10, we at once set about erecting log cabins for winter quarters. A detachment of the regiment guarded railroad bridges below, the rest furnished daily guards for all outgoing and incoming trains. We were in fine health and spirits, had full rations and comfortable clothes, drew several months' pay, investing it all in "bone dried goobers" at \$50 a bushel, and "potato pones" at \$1 a pone.

During the Christmas holidays, Gen. Reynolds's Arkansas brigade, which was stationed here, got too much whiskey, be-

came boisterous and mutinous, and our regiment with other commands was called out to restore order. For a while the situation was serious, but the Arkansans were finally pacified.

The second term of enlistment (two years) of original members of the regiment having expired in January, 1864, each received a thirty days' furlough on reenlisting. Companies C. H. and K were ordered to Jackson, Miss., Jan. 21, 1864, reaching that point Jan. 23. The object was to capture and bring across Pearl river a number of railroad locomotives, but the advance of Gen. Sherman from Vicksburg thwarted this plan, and the detachment returned to Meridian.

MOBILE BAY CAMPAIGN.

As Gen. Sherman's advance seemed to threaten Mobile, the regiment left Meridian Feb. 14 and marched to the Tombigbee river, embarked on steamer, reaching Mobile Feb. 20. For two weeks we did garrison duty at the forts and batteries along the line of land defenses, but were then withdrawn and encamped on a vacant square in the residence part of the city. March 13 we set out for Port Alabama, twenty-five miles down the bay, and after a two days' march through a flat, lonesome, piney woods country, reached our destination, pitching our tents on the bay front. While here, detachments of the regiment did garrison duty at Cedar Point and Fort Powell; the rest, picket duty along the beach, on one occasion capturing and hanging a Yankee spy. Leaving the companies on garrison duty, the regiment went by steamer to Fort Gaines April 5, 1864, and was assigned to guns. We remained here a month, enjoying plenty of fish and oysters. The garrison also had a vegetable garden of ten acres, cultivated by daily details, but we left too soon to be benefited by this.

At Fort Gaines the regiment handled its last artillery, its history henceforth being blended with that of the Army of Tennessee.

REGIMENT JOINS GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON'S ARMY RETREATING ON ATLANTA.

About May 1 the regiment left Fort Gaines for the Army of Tennessee then retreating before Sherman in North Georgia. We stopped about a week or ten days at Pollard, Ala.

While here Co. I was detailed for duty on Dog river. Co. K at Hall's Landing, and Co. C at Greenville, Ala. The rest of the regiment left Pollard May 16, and joined the Army of Tennessee at New Hope Church, Ga., May 18, and was assigned to Cantey's brigade (but a week later was transferred to Quarles's brigade) Walthall's division, Polk's corps. The regiment's position was north of and near the church, in a new ground and in front of a branch. Fifty yards beyond the narrow valley of this little stream, was a dense undergrowth of bushes and saplings, held by the enemy's pickets. Heavy skirmishing was going on as we took our places in line. On May 25 the Federals made a general attack on our position. Three times they charged us from the copse in front, but were repulsed with heavy loss before they could cross this narrow valley perhaps a hundred yards. Assaults were made also on May 26 and 27, but not in such force. Companies I and C arrived in time to take part in the battle. Co. K reached us later, on the 28th.

About 9 p. m. June 2, the army began its retreat to Lost Mountain, a distance of six miles, a march the most memorable in the long service of the regiment. Our road led across a range of high and steep red hills intersected with frequent streams which, normally insignificant, had been swollen by the recent heavy rains into roaring torrents. The soft, slippery clay on the tops and sides of the hills, except occasional stretches of boulders, the interstices of which were cut up into deep holes of slush, had been worked into a solid pulp a foot or more deep by our heavy army wagons. A chilly rain was falling in intermittent showers, the night was so intensely dark that the hand could not be seen an inch before the eyes, while the angry peals of thunder leaping from cliff to cliff along the mountain crests blended into one prolonged, continuous sullen roar. All nature seemed up in arms against us. Men as they struggled along the road, each for himself, and with no respect for military order, sank to their knees in mud from which with difficulty they extricated themselves; or confiding too much to the smooth, slippery, treacherous surface of a projecting boulder, were hurled headlong, baggage and all, into the deep mud. Wagons and teams all along were stuck fast. Streams, sometimes reaching up to our shoulders, were waded as we came to them. It was nearly daylight when we reached our position

on Lost Mountain, and the morning sun soon revealed an army of men literally covered with red mud.

The Federal's advance came up about noon, and a heavy skirmish ensued at the foot of the mountain. That night our pickets intrenched in rifle-pits on the side of the mountain, the enemy a short distance below them. We occupied this position about a week, the enemy not attempting to advance in our front. But heavy firing, generally on our left, was in progress every day. On the night of June 11 we fell back to Pine Mountain, where the regiment again occupied a strong position, and was never attacked, in force. While on this line our Lieut.-Gen. Polk was killed by a fragment of shell. His death was deeply lamented by the whole army, but especially by his corps. June 16 the regiment retreated to Kenesaw Mountain, our position being on the highest ridge. Here, as at Lost and Pine Mountains, the enemy made several dashes up the sides of the mountain upon our rifle pits, but were repulsed. Sherman's main attacks were upon the flanks of the army, and as our corps occupied the center, we had little fighting. From our heights on Kenesaw we witnessed several hard battles on the flank. Also, there were heavy rains almost daily since we left New Hope Church.

July 2 we fell back to a position two miles below Marietta, Ga. The rear of our position here was an old field; the front, recently a forest whose timber had been felled for 100 yards as an obstruction to the enemy. We found here a ditch ready for our occupancy. July 3 the Federals advanced in force to the edge of the timber in front, planted a battery on our right, and about 2 p. m. made a fierce attack from their positions, but did not charge. Heavy sharp-shooting was kept up all night, and we slept on our arms. July 4th the enemy fired National salutes with loaded shot and shell at us, their brass bands along the lines struck up National airs with loud huzzahs. To us it looked like a big gala day among the Federals. They were drinking whiskey and in high glee. About 2 p. m. three double lines advanced about seventy yards over the felled timber, halted about seventy-five yards from us, when the men stringing out under a big oak log and picking it up, limbs and all, would swing it around parallel to our breast works, forming a pretty good defense for themselves. They did this in 15 minutes, under a murderous fire from our lines. Nobody but

a set of drunken fools would have attempted such a thing. From this time till night, the firing was heavy. Dr. Madding, our assistant surgeon, and loved by every member of the regiment, was killed.

That night it fell to the lot of our brigade to cover the retreat of Johnston's army. The men began filing silently to the rear by 9 p. m., and by 11 p. m. the ditches were empty, and Quarles's brigade alone fronted Sherman's army. It was two hours later before we left, and they were hours of anxiety. We knew that the enemy had but to advance to capture us, and all those indications of advance so well known to Confederates, were in strong evidence. About 1 a. m. the command "File right, march," was whispered along the line. We moved out noiselessly; and, stooping to conceal our movements, had gone but a few yards when Lieut. Knight was wounded by a bullet piercing his thigh and crushing the bone. He fell, but such was his pluck and presence of mind that not a groan escaped him, and without a word being spoken, he was picked up by the litter-bearers and borne on with us.

Next morning we reached our position on the north bank of the Chattahoochee river and intrenched. The enemy soon came up, and skirmishing resumed. We remained here until July 9, when we crossed the river and took position on Peach-tree Creek. We occupied this position until the 16th, engaged in daily skirmishing, when we fell back to the defenses of Atlanta, our last stronghold.

GEN. HOOD SUPERSEDES GEN. JOHNSTON.

On July 18, it was announced that Gen. J. B. Hood had superseded Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. The news thunderstruck the army. Gloomy forebodings took the place of buoyant hope, and a keen sense of degradation was felt that the Army of Tennessee, heretofore commanded by a full general, was now to be commanded by a third rate general—a major-general, lately promoted to lieutenant-general. We should have had the same feeling if any other of like rank had been put in command, except, possibly Gen. Longstreet. Further, it was believed to be the result of intrigue at Richmond, and of the clamor of non-combatants at home. But for the patriotism of the army there would have been a vehement protest. As it was,

there was sullen submission. The army entertained the highest opinion of Gen. Hood as a major-general. They knew he was loyal, patriotic and brave, but doubted his ability to command the army. Johnston, by daily object lessons of partial engagements in which he was always victorious during his masterful retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, had inspired his men with a faith and enthusiasm seldom attained by any general. Neither the veterans of Lee nor the imperial guard of Napoleon trusted its general more implicitly, or followed him with more unbounded enthusiasm. Johnston they could follow with certainty of victory; Hood, only with apprehension of defeat and disaster. And had Gen. Johnston, even against his judgment, led his little army against Sherman, a very different account of the siege of Atlanta could be written. To even the casual observer, a change in commanders would have been apparent. The most perfect order and system in the movements of the army were suddenly changed into utter confusion. Cavalry were hurrying in one direction; artillery, flying in another; infantry, double-quicking in another; and everywhere confusion.

On the morning of July 20, Hood attacked Sherman's left, but our regiment being in reserve, was not engaged. Neither side gained any advantage. July 22 Hood again attacked Sherman's left near Decatur with a much greater force, his object being to destroy Sherman's flanking column. This was one of the two great battles of Atlanta. Hood drove back the enemy, captured three thousand prisoners, but it was done at a fearful sacrifice of men; and, as the enemy recaptured this position, there was no distinct gain to the Confederates. Our regiment was not engaged.

About 11 a. m., July 28th, while preparing dinner, we were ordered into line and moved at quick time towards our left, and soon came to the poor house road in the edge of the woods. The day was intensely hot, without a breeze. After an hour of rest, we marched up the road and soon came in hearing of musketry ahead. We began to meet ambulances bringing our wounded from the battle, and the rattle of musketry was becoming more distinct. The regiment was drawn up in the edge of the wood, fronting an old worn-out pasture. The enemy's position was a quarter of a mile in front, at the edge of the woods along the opposite side of this

pasture. The forest was of oak with dense undergrowth. The form of the surface between our regiment and the enemy was thus: gradual ascent 100 yards, level 150 yards, gradual descent 100 yards, steep hill 20 yards, a slough 20 yards wide, ascent of steep hill 20 yards, level to the enemy's position 25 yards. The position of the regiment where first formed, was excluded from the view of the enemy by the inclined plane in front. The Federals had no artillery until near the close of the battle, when they brought into action two Parrott guns nearly one-half mile from our right. These did us no harm.

It was 2 p. m. when the regiment took its position as above described. The first thing that attracted our attention was Cantey's brigade to our right front, on top of the hill and under heavy fire. They were making no reply nor advancing, and seemed to be waiting for us. We were ordered forward. Reaching the top of the hill on Cantey's left, and now ourselves under heavy fire, we were ordered to double-quick. We charged over the level space, down the descent and steep hill into the slough. A few in their zeal started up the hill beyond the slough, but were ordered back. All were ordered to lie down. Many of our comrades were left dead or wounded behind us. Cantey's brigade was not on our right as expected, nor did we again see anything of it during the battle. Two double lines of the enemy stood behind their breastworks in front. We waited half an hour for reinforcements and orders to advance. In the meanwhile the enemy were enfilading our position in the slough, and rapidly killing and wounding our men. While in this position lying on the ground John Reeves was on my left and between me and Lieut. A. Haley. The latter called my attention, and asked: "Isn't John killed?" I looked at Reeves. He had not changed his position on the ground or even uttered a groan. Still, he was lying motionless and made no reply. A moment later I noticed the blood gushing from a wound in his head. He was dead. Lieut. Haley is still (1904) living, I believe—perhaps at Troy, Ala. Reinforcements never came, and instead of orders to advance we were, after heavy loss, ordered to fall back. The retreat, as usual, was more disastrous than the advance, because the fire of the enemy was more deliberate, and in consequence more accurate; and our men, now having to move up hill instead of down, and being hot and fatigued, required a longer time to recross the same space. The

regiment was re-formed on the same ground where it had been first formed for the battle, and again charged into the slough, being ordered as before to halt and lie down. The enemy was now sweeping the slough with a leaden tempest. Men were being killed and wounded faster than on the charge. After another half hour we were ordered to fall back, and were again exposed to a fearful fire. Forming again at the same place we charged the third time into the same slough, and the third time were ordered to halt and lie down in this ravine of destruction. Again, after half an hour we were ordered back. Almost completely exhausted by heat and exertion, we could scarcely walk. Many did not attempt it; but, resigned to their fate, awaited death or capture. Others, mastering all their strength and courage, began the retrograde movement in a slow walk back across the open space. The ravine and field were thickly strewn with the dead and wounded of the regiment, among the latter being our commander, Maj. S. L. Knox.

I relate one incident of the last retreat as illustrating a common scene after battle. We had passed nearly out of danger when I saw Lieut. W. A. Andrews of the Perote Guards fall. No litter-bearer being in sight, with a passing comrade I went to his assistance. The lieutenant was wounded in the ankle. We picked him up and were carrying him from the field when he was again struck, the ball this time ranging diagonally through his thigh and breaking the bone. He turned pale and requested that we lay him down and let him die. We procured a litter, placed him on it, and had reached the edge of woods where the regiment first formed. Here, leaning calmly against a sapling on the bank of a stream, we came upon Sergt. Bryant Brooks of the same company. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate anything serious. To my question whether he was hurt, he replied: "Yes, I suppose I have my death wound," at the same time placing his hand upon his right breast. Requesting a passing comrade to take my place under Andrews's litter, I stopped with Brooks. Having examined his wound, and seeing that the ball had probably passed through his right lung, I told him that his condition was indeed serious; then, wishing to say something to cheer him, I added that such wounds were not always fatal, and that he must not give up hope of life. Looking me full in the face, he replied with earnestness and composure, in such a tone that I could not es-

cape some sense of reproach: "I have not the slightest hope of surviving this wound, but you know me well, and ought to know that I am not afraid to die." I replied that I knew he was not afraid to die, but I wished to hope that he would get well. He was a young man of 21, the picture of vigorous manhood, and had married but recently while at home on a furlough. Not a more heroic death than this was that of Sergt. Jasper, at Savannah, Ga., during our Revolution. Nor less heroic than that of Brooks was the death of a hundred or more of the First Alabama's bravest men just up the hill there, and along its crest, and in the slough beyond.

In the meanwhile, evening twilight had come, the firing had ceased, when I secured a litter and litter-bearers on which Sergt. Brooks was gently placed and borne to the field hospital three hundred yards distant, where I procured a cot and immediate medical attention. Here the scene was more distressing than the battle. A crude operating table had been erected under the trees around which for fifty yards the wounded were lying on the ground in agonizing groans. Blood-stained litters were leaning about against trees, and over all, a few tallow candles cast their dim and flickering light. Watching my opportunity, I brought the surgeon to Brooks. He examined the wound, beckoned the assistant surgeon, both made a hasty examination; the two stepped back in consultation; the surgeon merely shaking his head negatively at me as he returned hurriedly to the amputation table. Bidding my friend good-bye, I sought the camp of the regiment half a mile away. Sergt. Brooks died the next day. Lieut. Andrews's father lived about twenty-five miles from Atlanta, and two or three days later carried home his son by private conveyance, but the latter died only a few minutes before reaching the scenes of his boyhood. At the camp hardly one hundred of the three hundred of the regiment that had entered the battle had assembled. About 9 p. m. our commissary wagons arrived. We had eaten nothing since breakfast. Here was another touching scene when the names of our dead and wounded were called to go up to the wagons and get their rations. After supper the companies of the regiment in groups were busy making out lists of their respective dead and wounded. A few left in the ravine, having escaped Yankee bullets and becoming

rested, made their way out under cover of darkness, and reached our camp. The amusing case was that of Private Wil-
lingham, a tall, slender, dark-skinned comrade, six feet high. On our first charge, as we were descending the hill, he fell forward on his face, at the same time throwing his hand to his head. He thought he was killed and so did we. The next day he was found at the hospital not seriously hurt. A minie ball had struck him in the forehead, and glancing had torn up the skin in an ugly, but not dangerous wound.

To the question: "Why did the First Alabama halt in the slough instead of pressing on?" we give the reason afterwards given by our officers; namely, because Quarles's brigade, that went nearer the enemy's works than any other command, was wholly unsupported." Another version was that our assault was merely a demonstration to keep the enemy from reinforcing his extreme right, the main point of our attack. It is certain that there were no reserves as should have been in an actual attack.

The regiment's loss here, dead and wounded, was greater than during the whole siege of Port Huason, and greater than in any other battle in which the regiment was engaged, though, possibly the per cent of killed may have been greater at Franklin.

The next morning, July 29, the remnant of the regiment was marched back to our old position along the breastworks above Atlanta. There was daily skirmishing until August 25, when Sherman, abandoning our front, swung around our left and met our forces at Jonesborough, where a hard battle was fought. From this time to Sept. 18, the regiment was on picket duty, reaching out as far as McDonough and Lovejoy station, camping at the latter place about two weeks. Here Hood abandoned Sherman's front, giving up to the latter all South Georgia for depredation and robbery, while the former marched northwards to Sherman's rear. Hood's design was to cut off Sherman from his base of supplies at Chattanooga and invade Tennessee.

MOVEMENT IN REAR OF SHERMAN'S ARMY, AND INVASION OF
TENNESSEE.

We left Lovejoy station Sept. 18, 1864, and tore up the Georgia State Railroad to Dalton. Thence we turned southwest to Gadsden, Ala., and thence northwest to the south bank of the Tennessee river, opposite Florence, Ala., reaching the latter point Nov. 14, after a march of about 400 miles by the route we had traveled. On this march we crossed the Chattahoochee river at Phillips ferry, near Palmetto, Ga.; the Coosa river at Coosaville, Ga., and the Black Warrior near Summit, Ala. President Davis reviewed the army at Palmetto, and Gen. Beauregard at Tuscumbia, Ala. The army was eager for the latter to command us on our contemplated campaign in Tennessee.

A few small garrisons left by Sherman were captured, aggregating about 1,700 prisoners, but Gen. French's division had been repulsed at Alatoona with heavy loss. At Decatur, Ala., there was a heavy skirmish in which our regiment lost one man killed.

CHAPTER V.

THE TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN, 1864.

TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

The regiment left Decatur October 29, 1864, and passing through Courtland and Jonesboro, reached Tusculumbia, where it remained about two weeks. On November 14, the army reached the south bank of the Tennessee river, opposite Florence, as before stated, and went into camps. On Nov. 20 the army crossed the river on pontoons, and entered upon the contemplated invasion of Tennessee. The day was cold, cloudy and windy, and scattering snowflakes were falling as Hood's army, thinly clad, poorly shod and half-fed, marched through the streets of Florence to the promised land of Tennessee. A few ladies appeared on galleries and at windows, giving the usual salutation by waving handkerchiefs, but their tears revealed that they were without any hope of success. We camped that night a few miles beyond Florence. The next day we crossed the State line designated by a sign-board which we loudly cheered. The fourth day after leaving Florence, we came to a large creek with a narrow valley walled in on both sides by high precipitous hills. The regiment marched up this creek the whole day, crossing it fourteen times on rude bridges hastily constructed by our pioneer corps. Bushwhackers hidden in the cliffs, would fire down upon us, and then escape through mountain passes unknown to our men. These bushwhackers in the mountains of Tennessee and other border States were Union men not from patriotism, but for plunder and robbery. They were an infamous set from the first to the last of the war, murdering their neighbors and burning their property to a degree that put to shame the Tories of the Revolution. While on this march quite a number of our stragglers captured by them were killed at once, while others reached us

with their ears and noses cut off, or other evidences of barbarous indignities. The better class of Tennesseans sympathized with the South, but previous to Hood's invasion had been compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the United States and didn't dare show us any favors. So in either case, we found no friends in Tennessee.

At Henryville, we emerged from the wilderness into a better community and soon reached Mount Pleasant, the home of Gen. Pillow, on the Columbia pike. Nov. 27 we arrived in front of Columbia, where we found the Federal army under Gen. Schofield intrenched. The march from Florence was made during very cold weather and over frozen ground. Our rations were corn and peas that we gathered along the way and bread made of unbolted flour. Though we were in the land of plenty and were half starved, Gen. Hood allowed no depredations.

About 9 p. m., November 28, an immense fire in Columbia revealed that the enemy was evacuating the town. By daylight next morning our corps marched rapidly to the northwest and crossed Duck river on pontoons four miles above Columbia. We then turned north and parallel to the Franklin pike, and about two or three miles east of it. As the firing all day along the Franklin pike indicated, the enemy's retreat was being hotly pressed by Forrest, and a body of infantry. Our corps was on a forced march to pass the enemy and throw itself across the Franklin pike in front, thus cutting off his retreat. A short spell of warm weather had thawed the ground, and whether on bottom or hills, we sank at every step in mud over our shoes. Our line of march was over a cultivated and open country, the high hills and dense cornstalks presenting a serious impediment to progress. About 9 p. m. we were halted one-quarter of a mile from the Franklin pike north of Spring Hill, and in rear of Schofield, who was then being hard pressed at Spring Hill, by Forrest. This day's march of twenty-eight miles by the route we had traveled was the greatest the regiment had ever performed. Stacking our arms and eating, we spread down our blankets upon the ground and were soon asleep, feeling sure that we had the enemy bagged. We supposed our corps extended across the Franklin pike. The extreme right was in two hundred yards of it, as we saw next

morning. Why were we halted just there, leaving a way for the enemy to escape after all our hard marching?

The reason (if there was a reason and it was not a blunder) is unknown to us. Had our corps been thrown across the pike, the battle of Franklin would have been fought at Spring Hill instead, and doubtless with different result. As it was, Gen. Schofield, late in the night, retreated up the pike through the gap in our lines which looked like it had been left expressly for his accommodation. Early next morning the army moved rapidly up the pike in pursuit of Schofield. The pike was strewn along with dead and wounded horses; quartermaster, commissary, ordinance stores, etc., scattered everywhere along the way made evident the enemy's precipitate flight.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

When about four miles from Franklin, our corps was deployed to the right, formed in line, advanced towards Franklin, and soon struck a heavy skirmish line of the enemy. These were quickly driven through a large cornfield and skirt of wood to their defenses at Franklin. Hardly an hour before sunset Hood's army was drawn up in full view of the enemy intrenched behind two parallel lines of breastworks about one hundred and fifty yards apart. The outer line was an ordinary ditch two or two and a half feet deep; the inner line, a ditch three and a half feet deep and four feet wide with a thick and strong embankment along which were portholes for muskets and embrasures for artillery. At one point of the line in front of an old gin house there was a strong redoubt about fifty feet long, whose ditch was five feet wide and four feet deep and rampart four feet high, making eight feet from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the parapet. The space between the two armies was about six hundred yards from which all undergrowth had been removed, leaving a park of a few large trees. The ground in our front towards the enemy was: a ravine, gradual ascent through the park to the outer line; and a level old pasture to the inner line.

The army itself of about 18,000 ragged and half-starved men with tattered banners having accomplished a long and arduous march of five hundred miles across the mountains of Georgia and Tennessee, and facing double its numbers recalls

vividly the shattered army of Hannibal when, after its terrible passage of the Alps, it was drawn up in line of battle before the well appointed legions of Scipio on the plains of the Ticinus.

While in this position, momentarily expecting the order to advance, Gen. Forrest, mounted on his black charger, hat in hand down by his side, his face radiant and dark eyes flashing, rode down our front. The men, already eager for the fray, caught his enthusiasm, cheered him to the echo, and began advancing before the order was given. Across the ravine, on through the park, officers in front, and men still cheering, moved the army in unbroken phalanx. When about one hundred yards from the outer line we received the first volley from the enemy. The command "double quick" was given, cheers were changed to rebel yells, officers still in front, we charged the outer line. The rattle of musketry now drowned all commands of officers, and here, Capt. Dick Williams, acting Lieut.-Col. of the regiment, walking backwards to face the regiment as officers frequently do on drill, would wave his sword right and left, and then thrust it forward toward the enemy, indicating thus by acts instead of words, what he would have us do. The outer line was quickly carried, from which very few of the enemy escaped. Here, perhaps, there was a pause of half a minute until the outer line could be swept of the enemy, and a realignment made. By this time, owing to the stillness and rarity of the atmosphere, the smoke of musketry had settled in such a dense bank over the field in front, that friend could not be distinguished from foe at a distance of a few steps. The enemy, four lines deep behind strong entrenchments, were sweeping the old field between us with minie balls, and a battery of siege guns to our right and beyond Big Harpeth river was tearing up the ground and knocking trees into fragments around it. Through a dense smoke and tempest of iron, our officers still leading, and the rebel yell still ringing, the army in perfect order charged the inner line. Of the nature of the works of the enemy, we could have no conception until within a few feet. Dead and wounded had fallen at every step of our advance, and our ranks were badly thinned. When the number and position of the enemy stood revealed, every old Confederate saw that it was to be a fight of one to two with an enemy strongly intrenched: but despising numbers or advantage of position they leaped down into the ditch, climbed up the embank-

ment enveloped in a sheet of fire, and from the ramparts discharged their pieces in the face of the enemy, and with butts of guns closed in a hand to hand grapple with the foe. Here the intrepid Cleburne, leading his division at the head of his old brigade (Govans') fell across the breastworks with the reputed dying words: "I am killed, but my old Arkansas brigade is glory enough for one man,"—dying words worthy of his heroic life. Maj. Samuel L. Knox, the brave commander of the First Alabama, was lying a few steps away, having been mortally wounded at the head of his regiment. But of the field thickly strewn with dead and wounded, and of the almost total annihilation of officers, our men engaged in a life and death struggle had neither knowledge nor thought. The enemy was brave, and had every advantage, but men have never been made so brave as to be wholly unmoved by such audacity as the Confederates exhibited. The Federal line reeled and staggered under our heavy blows and were saved from utter route only by the most strenuous efforts of their officers. One hundred yards to our left their lines and batteries were carried. If at this crisis Johnson's division, held in reserve, had come to our assistance, the field would have been instantly won. As it was, the unequal contest on the breastworks was maintained hardly more than a minute, when our men took the ditch on the opposite side, and fought the enemy across the ramparts, muzzle to muzzle. The enemy soon began enfilading our lines, and after half an hour's fighting in this position, and hoping in vain for Johnson's reserve, it was plain that we must escape by flight back to our lines, or be captured or killed. Especially destructive was the enemy's cross fire upon the Confederates in the outer ditch of the redoubt, where the embankment was too high for the men to climb. A few surrendered, but most took chances of escape, protected somewhat by the smoke and darkness. The position of the First Alabama was in front of the redoubt and to the left. Hood had used only two pieces of artillery in the battle, but about 8 p. m. and after the Confederates had fallen back, he opened a heavy cannonade on the enemy's lines, and followed it up with a charge of Johnson's division, but was repulsed with great loss. Until midnight, and long after all the attacks from the Confederates had ceased, the enemy kept up an incessant fire to the front as if Confederates were charging. It was nearly day when the en-

emy's pickets fired their last gun, and hastened to join their comrades then retreating up the Nashville pike, beyond Big Harpeth river.

It seldom happens in any battle that the ratio of killed to wounded is so great as was in this, and the reason is plain. It being night no flag of truce could be obtained for the removal of the wounded. As the enemy swept the field in front until a late hour at night every wounded soldier not able to carry himself from the field, nor reached by a litter-bearer, was shot to death where he fell. Never at any time did we see a litter-bearer on the battle field at Franklin. Either none were there, or else they shirked their duty in a cowardly manner, and are responsible for so many wounded soldiers losing their lives. Many of the First Alabama were mangled beyond recognition, and could be identified only by their clothing. Sam Chappell of Co. G, a youth of 18, was an example, whose body had been pierced by seventeen minie balls. Viewed next morning by daylight, the space between the outer and inner lines to the right of the pike was heartrending. Gen. Hood is said to have wept when he beheld it. The bodies of our dead (for there were no wounded on the field the next morning) lay thicker and thicker as you go from the outer to the inner line, and in the ditches they were literally banked up three or four men deep. The immense ditch in front of the redoubt was nearly full of our dead. There were also many lying along the top of the breastworks, and some even within the enemy's lines. While the loss of men was great, that of officers was much greater, owing to their reckless exposure. Among the killed were: Maj.-Gen. Cleburne and Brig.-Gens. Gist, Adams, Strahl and Granbury. Among the wounded were Maj.-Gen. Brown and Brig.-Gen. Custer, Manigault, Quarles, Cockrell and Scott.

I shall not pause to refute the absurd story that Gen. Hood next morning spoke disparagingly of the conduct of his army at the battle of Franklin. Gen. Hood was incapable either of falsehood or impropriety.

BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

After burying our dead we took a last farewell of our loved commander, Maj. S. L. Knox, marched two miles up big Harpeth river and encamped for the night. Next morning we

crossed the river, swung around to our left, and struck the Nashville pike four miles above Franklin.

About 9 a. m., Dec. 3, we came in view of the enemy, intrenched on a range of hills extending across the Hillsborough and Franklin pikes, and three miles south of Nashville. The position of the Confederates on the left of the Franklin pike occupied by our (Stewart's) corps was a valley bounded on the north, west and south by a range of high hills, and on the east by the Franklin pike, forming a rectangle one and a half miles north and south, and three-fourths of a mile east and west. Driving back the enemy's skirmishers we intrenched at the foot of the hill two hundred yards before the position of the enemy, and facing north. At the western extremity of our line we constructed a redoubt, which our regiment occupied a few days, and then turned over to the defense of barefooted men, moving back a quarter of a mile into the valley. We all knew from the activity of railroads and steamers in Nashville that the enemy was hourly receiving heavy reinforcements. Our men were daily occupied in strengthening our works, the weather was intensely cold, snow several inches deep covered the frozen ground, and one-third of our men without shoes, were going about with their feet wrapped with rags while the rest were poorly shod. Details were sent out every morning in the country to impress leather, and all the old shoe cobblers in the army were pegging away. Even in this extremity the citizens showed us no substantial sympathy, but looked at us askance when we made known our mission, and told them we would pay fancy prices in Confederate money. We got no leather except what we found concealed, and which the owners let us have out of sheer respect for our muskets. Every farm-house we visited had its hogs, goats, and sheep imprisoned under the house; while horses, mules and cows were penned up in the chimney corner. In Tennessee as in Maryland,

"We found the patriots very shy,"

and yet these people were truly loyal to the South. As previously stated, most of our barefooted men were put in the redoubt on the extreme left.

About 2 p. m., Dec. 15, 1864, the enemy fiercely attacked our extreme right, at the same time charged the center, of which our regiment was a part. Though the enemy was much supe-

rior in position and number, every charge was promptly met and repulsed in front of our regiment. Hood seemed to think that the main attack would be made on the right and drew off several commands from center and left to support it. But the attack on the right proved a feint that deceived Hood. When Gen. Thomas saw this, he marched his heavy column, already masked opposite the redoubt, quickly drove out the barefooted men, and began descending the hill on the immediate flank and rear of our regiment. For fifteen minutes the performance would have been most laughable, had it not been so serious. It was laughable anyway, and we did laugh, notwithstanding Yankee bullets. The barefooted men were scattered and running in every direction, except towards the enemy, not only with the agility of well shod men, but of men with springs in their shoes. Two divisions of Cheatham's corps from the right were thrown across the enemy's advance, and held him at bay until night. The behavior of these two divisions, fighting great odds in open field on level ground, and in full view of a large part of the army, won the highest admiration of all.

During the night the army fell back about a mile, and lines were reformed. Hillsborough pike had been occupied by the enemy, leaving the Franklin pike our only line of communication. The position of Stewart's corps during the second day's battle extended half a mile west from the Franklin pike along a valley to the foot of the range of high hills on our left as we faced north. This range of hills, rising abruptly to a height of two hundred feet, covered with scrub timber and ledges of rock, continued its course south one-fourth of a mile, when deflecting east nearly at right angles, extends to the Franklin pike, this last range being in rear of and parallel to our lines.

The east part of this rectangle formed by the Franklin pike on the east, our line on the north, and the range of high hills on the west and south, was a forest of large timber without undergrowth; the western part, an open old pasture. Bates' division occupied the side and top of the hill on our left, supporting a battery of two small guns. The position of the regiment was in trenches behind a stone fence, fronting a cornfield, and about two hundred yards east of the foot of the hill. A few days of warm sunshine had melted the snow and thawed the ground, so that this now old miry cornfield thickly covered

with large cornstalks, was a formidable obstacle to approach in our front.

About 9 a. m. the enemy opened a heavy cannonade along our whole front. Half an hour later they charged the position of our regiment with three lines of battle, and up against Bates' battery on our left. Their progress was slow and disorderly, and for two hundred yards they were under the fire of our regiment, now armed with Enfield rifles, and their dead and wounded sprinkled well our front. They came within twenty yards of our line, and then fled, falling thicker now and faster than before. About 2 p. m. another assault was made, but also repulsed. The main attack all day had been directed mainly against the position held by Bates' division and battery on top of the hill. Our line at Bates' battery turned at right angles due south along the top of this range of hills, and the enemy seemed to regard this as the key to the situation. There had been one continuous assault on it from the beginning of the battle, but was bravely defended by a single line of Confederates. The enemy, in the meanwhile had kept extending his line south from Bates' division on top of the hill, and by 12 o'clock had reached a point where the range turns due east to the Franklin pike, and in our rear. It was plain that the enemy's object was to extend this flanking column to the Franklin pike before night, and cut off our retreat. When not engaged we were interested spectators of this hard battle on top of the hill distinctly marked by two parallel lines of fire. About 4 p. m. and when the flanking column of the enemy on the hill was about one-fourth of a mile from the pike, Bates' position and battery, after a most heroic defense, were carried by the enemy. This occurred in full view of the First Alabama. The enemy pouring through this opening in our line began moving upon the left flank and rear of our regiment. At the same time we were charged by a heavy force in front. We retreated down our trenches to the right, loading and firing upon the charging force in front. We looked and hoped for reinforcements, but Hood, in fact, had none to send. The First Alabama went down the trenches one-fourth of a mile, firing as rapidly as possible until the enemy in front was hardly ten steps away. Here it was clear that we must surrender, or at great peril to our lives attempt to escape. A few chose the former; others, throwing down their guns,

cutting off cartridge boxes and belts, but keeping canteens, haversacks and blankets, sprang up from the ditch and made a dash for liberty through the park for the hill in the rear, four hundred yards distant, over which led their only way of escape. Still under fire, we climbed its side so precipitous in some places that we had to pull ourselves up by switches projecting from fissures of rock. Some were killed and wounded in this ascent of the hill. After crossing this hill, and two or three others intersecting it on the south, we reached the Franklin pike about dark, and just as a slow rain began falling.

Nowhere else has such injustice been done the Confederate soldier as at the battle of Nashville. The facts and conditions considered, no battlefield of the South more fully illustrates his superior quality as a soldier, contending as he was with an enemy so vastly superior in numbers, appointments and physical condition. If we analyze his conduct during these two days, we shall find nothing to censure. The flight of barefooted men made up of odds and ends of the army and under officers unknown to them, could not be considered any discredit to the army. The conduct of Cheatham's two divisions, holding in check a much larger force on the first day's battle, was most heroic. Bates' defense of his position for seven hours against overwhelming odds, and never yielding until his little band were nearly all dead or wounded in the trenches, and dead and wounded Yankees were literally piled up in his front for fifty yards, is entitled to the highest admiration. Bates did that day the hardest fighting of all, though he was at last overcome by sheer physical force. Again, after our lines were broken, the Confederates retreated in a walk down the trenches, at the same time firing as rapidly as they could at the enemy charging our front. Surely there was no evidence of panic in that. The truth is, at no time was there anything like a panic among the men. When the alternative of capture or escape had to be made, some chose the former, some the latter, but in either case the decision was made deliberately, and certainly it took some courage to attempt to escape under such circumstances. The popular impression is that a soldier never runs except when scared, but soldiers of experience know that it often requires greater bravery to run than to charge a fort. Again, we killed and wounded many times more Federals at Nashville than they did of Confederates.

This was the last battle that the Army of Tennessee fought under Gen. Hood as commander, and it is seen that one unbroken series of disasters fully justifies the apprehension of the army when he took command. Gen. Hood was one of the bravest of the brave, and we do not think his proven incompetency to command the army detracts one jot from his distinguished services to his country. The same misfortune might have befallen any other subordinate general of the army.

RETREAT FROM TENNESSEE.

Resuming, the army, in a totally disorganized condition, tramped on all night through rain and slush down the Franklin pike. The next day the commands were practically reorganized at Franklin. Four days later we reached Columbia, where we remained nearly a week. Here Forrest's cavalry, and Walthall's division, to which our regiment belonged, were formed into a rear guard to cover the retreat of the army. These combined aggregated only about 2,000 effective men, but successfully resisted every advance of the enemy, several times driving them back in disorder, capturing men, guns, etc., and securing to the army a safe and orderly retreat. While at Columbia snow fell to a depth of several inches, and the pike all the way thence to Pulaski was flecked by blood of our barefooted men on the white snow. At Pulaski the army left the pike, and marched two days southwest across a hilly country. The third day we came to a creek the valley of which we descended a whole day, crossing it many times on pole bridges constructed by our pioneer corps. Leaving this, we again marched across a hilly country to Shoal creek which, swollen by the recent heavy rains to a width of two hundred yards, presented a serious obstacle to our advance. However, being shallow, it was passed by deep fording.

CHAPTER VI.

CAMPAIGN IN THE CAROLINAS, 1864-1865

FIRST ALABAMA REGIMENT SENT TO NORTH CAROLINA—BATTLES OF AVERYSBORO AND BENTONVILLE.

The army recrossed the Tennessee river at Bainbridge, a few miles above Florence, Ala., Dec. 24, 1864. Reaching Corinth, the sick and barefooted were sent to hospitals, the rest of the army to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who had superseded Gen. Hood and who was then opposing Sherman's march of robbery and conflagration across the Carolinas.

Our regiment had about 100 effective men and officers. Everywhere along our route from Corinth to North Carolina were devastation, ruin, and crushed hopes. Still, with a sublime faith in our cause akin to inspiration, we were not at all affected by these facts, and could not entertain for a moment the thought that our banner would go down in defeat. This feeling in the army was not at this time fully shared by the people at home. Our regiment was detained two weeks at Augusta, Ga., until it could be recruited by the return of our sick and barefooted. We left Augusta March 2 and joined Johnston's Army March 14, 1865, and on the 16th took part in the battle of Averysboro, in which our regiment escaped loss. On the 19th it participated in the last battle of the Army of Tennessee at Bentonville, N. C., where it formed part of the charging force that stormed the Federal lines and drove them in confusion half a mile. In this last battle several of the regiment were killed and wounded, among the former being Lieut. Williamson of Co. C, (Guards of the Sunny South.)

Thus the glorious "Old First," that had been the first to take up arms in defense of their rights and homes, left some of its best life's blood on its last battlefield, having nowhere at any time ever failed of its duty, and having received special men-

tion for commendable conduct in the official report of every commander under whom it had served—an imperishable honor to every one of its members, and to their descendants forever.

While on one point I cannot speak authoritatively for other companies of the regiment, I may be permitted to speak of my own (Perote Guards), and from this the reader may judge the others. A muster roll of the company recently compiled (1902) by the survivors, shows 197 men. Not one of these ever deserted, put a substitute in his place, or attempted to evade the Confederate service by exemption laws, or by any other means. All except the few that lived to return home, are on the battlefields and in the Confederate cemeteries of the North. And this, too, when most members of the company were sons of persons of ample means, who could have easily secured their freedom from service.

FINAL SURRENDER OF ARMY.

On April 27, 1865, the regiment was surrendered by Johnston to Sherman at Greensboro, N. C., paroled, and the men immediately set out for their respective homes, which some did not reach until July.

How this same Confederate soldier, returning with blasted hopes to homes of destitution and desolation, and despite carpetbag rule for ten years, lifted our Southland from the ashes of despair and placed it on the high road to prosperity and happiness, forms another and more heroic chapter in the history of his achievements.

CHAPTER VII.

REMINISCENCES AND INCIDENTS.

The narrative history of the regiment having been completed, I now propose to indulge in a chapter of reminiscences and incidents. These, it is hoped, will prove interesting in themselves, and worthy of permanent preservation, although not forming a part of the regimental history proper.

TWO ARKANSANS OUTGENERALED.

While a Red river steamer was discharging its cargo of bacon at the landing, private I. H. Johnson of the Perote Guards, was sitting upon the bluff overlooking the landing, an interested spectator of the scene below. The mysterious movements of two Arkansas soldiers mixing with the boat hands at work especially excited his curiosity. He kept his eye on them. Sure enough the first opportunity that opened, when the backs of the boat hands were turned, they grabbed each a side of bacon and ran off. An idea struck Johnson. His camp was not a hundred yards away while that of the Arkansas men was half a mile distant with a skirt of forest intervening. Johnson rushed to his camp, quickly donned a sergeant's coat, picked up a file of men and dashed off around the skirt of woods in his "flank movement." He intercepted and arrested the Arkansans, started to camp with prisoners and spoils, but soon halted for a parley. Our pro tem sergeant expressed deep sympathy to and for his prisoners, saying that he knew rations were short; that he thought it hard, under the circumstances, for soldiers to be court-martialed, and probably balled and chained for a month merely for trying to get something to eat; and then intimated that if he could do so with safety to himself he would turn them loose, but that he would be obliged to carry the bacon to camp and make his report. The Arkansans

eagerly accepted this proposition, and in less than half an hour "our sergeant" came marching back to camp, each of his men with a side of bacon and cheered by the whole company. I can't say whether or not our "sergeant" ever reported this haul to headquarters, but it has always been our private opinion that Lee's veterans never got any of that meat.

BEEF HEADS.

As our allowance of beef became more and more stinted, the men would occasionally supplement with a beef-head from the slaughter pen, half a mile distant. These beef-heads cost nothing, except to go and get them, and when properly prepared and well cooked, made, as we then thought, a most delicious dish. Each member of the mess would take his turn in going for a head. My turn came, and I went. Then I wished I had never seen the place. The slaughter pen stood at the head of a ravine whose walls were steep and twenty feet high. Into this great trough the offal, filth, and such beef-heads as had not been given away, had been "dumped" for many months. It was a loathsome, sickening sight, covering about a fourth of an acre, standing four or five deep in the lob-lolly about the consistency of mud, with beef-heads floating about at random and in various degrees of submergence, some just thrown in and on top of the surface, some buried to the roof of the horns, some with half the horns, others with barely the tips of the horns projecting above this vast slough of slime, the whole in a seething ferment with worms, each working as energetically as a Yankee trying to drive a trade. It was here, according to Col. Steedman, that a picked body of Federals tried to "sneak through our lines" on a stormy night during the siege; and it was this place that he describes by the undignified, though not inexpressive term, of "putrid mess."

Nevertheless, I soon secured my beef head and carried it to camp. As I walked up and threw down my prize before the cook-stand of the mess, a comrade lying stretched out half asleep on a rough bench lazily drolled out. "Here's yer beef head." "*Yours*," said I, indignantly, "*not mine*. I shall never again taste beef-head hash." And I have not.

ASLEEP ON HIS POST.

The Perote battery at Port Hudson was less than one hundred yards from the camp of the company and in full view of the whole camp of the regiment. On one occasion I had charge of the night guard at our regimental batteries along the river. The Perote Guards had been working that day at our battery, and using a pair of skids twelve inches square, which they had left on top of the battery lying one across the other, a tempting seat to sit down and lean back. We were so near our camp that the guard occupied their tents while not on post, as did also the corporals of the guard.

Just before day the relief to our battery was sent out. It was a foggy, chilly, drowsy morning in the spring. The relief had a white blanket thrown over his shoulders. About dawn I accidentally, or providentially, walked out of my tent and looked towards our battery. To my horror the guard was sitting down on that lower skid and leaning back against the upper one, evidently fast asleep. I hastened to the post. He was my friend, my class-mate in Latin and Greek, of high social position at home. More, he was a true, brave, Confederate soldier. Not for the whole world would he have purposely done this. He yielded to the temptation of this inviting seat, and sleep stealthily overcame him. But what shall I do? It was a terrible dilemma. The penalty of the offense to him is death. Unless I report him, I am guilty as he. I glanced searchingly over the camp of the regiment to see if there was any witness except myself. Twice more I did the same. Few had risen from their night's rest, and were stirring around. I will wake him. If reported myself, I shall make a clean breast of the whole affair to Col. Steedman, and to Lieut.-Col Locke. They will exonerate me. All these thoughts flashed through my mind during the few seconds I had paused and was standing over my sleeping comrade and friend. Then with both hands I grabbed and shook him violently. Startled, and with a cry of terror he sprang to his feet, his large gray eyes flashed widely open, and looking as wild as a maniac. He fully realized his situation. Without a word he went to pacing his beat. I sat down on the skid. I occasionally glanced at his face as he went back and forth on his beat, and saw plainly depicted there the fearful agony within. During these moments

he doubtless had before him visions of dungeons and being shot. I too was distressed on his account, for I loved him much. Then I arose, walked with him on his beat and said: "Give yourself no fears; I shall not report you." What a change came over his face! And I have kept my promise to this day. I have many times related the incident since the war, yet no one save myself knows or has ever known who it was.

A year later this comrade died at home while on furlough and convalescing from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and while our regiment was at Mobile.

MIKE BROGAN WOUNDED—AN INCIDENT OF PORT HUDSON, 1863.

Before light on the morning of May 27, 1863, Lieut.-Col. M. B. Locke, commanding our regiment, ordered me to take a file of men, go down our lines to an eminence about 600 yards distant to the left of our regiment, this position affording a commanding view of a clearing in Big Sandy swamp across which the enemy were expected to pass in their contemplated attack on Port Hudson that day, and as soon as they passed, to report to him. About sunrise the enemy began to advance, and were met by Confederates down in the swamp half a mile in front of our breastworks, where the fighting soon became vigorous and general all along our entire front. We had only a heavy skirmish line engaged with a heavy force of the enemy, and about 8 a. m. this began to retreat to our breastworks, closely followed by the enemy in force. There were, in our front, many small elevations or knolls and these the Federals quickly covered with batteries of Parrott guns, opening at once a bombardment of our position. The Federal infantry, during this time, had halted about 300 yards in our front down under cover of the woods, and were reforming their lines preparatory to an attempt to storm our breast works. By 9 a. m. it was plain to me that the enemy had reached a position between the clearing and our lines without having crossed the clearing I had been sent to watch, and that I could not longer be of service here. I so stated to my men, Mike Brogan and Joe (P. J.) Blue, and told them we must go to our regiment. In leaving this position I was theoretically disobeying my orders, but I felt sure Col. Locke would approve my course, and he did afterwards not only approve, but complimented me for this

course. The enemy by this time were sweeping the old field in rear of our lines, and to reach our regiment was a dangerous undertaking. Blue and Brogan protested vehemently against it. To them it seemed both rash and contrary to my orders. There were not, in my opinion, braver men or better soldiers in the Confederate army than Blue and Brogan. Either was much braver than I, but I could not endure the thought of remaining there idle during a great battle in which the best services of every man would be needed; and I was firm in my decision to go to our regiment. Pointing to a ravine about 200 yards distant, I said: "We can make our way to that, and thence, with very slight exposure, descend the ravine to within 100 yards of our regiment." We all dashed out together into the shower of lead and reached the head of the ravine in safety. Then we went down the ravine whose walls were very abrupt and 25 or 30 feet high, to a spring about 100 yards in rear of our regiment. We were tired and hot, and after taking a good drink of water sat down to cool and rest in this delightful recess of dense shade. The men of our regiment had worn a path on the western wall of the ravine, going back and forth for water. While sitting here cooling and resting for the final dash of 100 yards to our regiment, the enemy had put in position a strong battery in front of Capt. Meadows' battery on the extreme right of our regiment, and opened up a furious fire of grape and shrapnel—mostly the latter—and it so happened that the path up the bluff was on a direct line with the position of Meadows' battery, and that of the enemy; so that the shot directed against the former swept the path.

The enemy's battery was firing so rapidly that a volley of shrapnel crossed our path about every ten seconds, and, as it was difficult of egress from the spring any other way, it looked like we were bottled up, and that even without any intention or knowledge of the Yankees. This volley swept a space of about fifteen or twenty feet across the path, and so dense with bullets that hardly a sprig of grass was spared. The question now before us was, could we three, ascending that steep bluff in single file, pass across the destructive space during the intermission of volleys. I thought it doubtful, my comrades declared it would be certain death. From our position we could see our lines, and from the rattle of musketry I knew that a hard fight was on; and I was determined to reach my regiment. I

told the boys that, if we would be ready, and make a rush up the bluff just after one volley passed, we could get beyond the range before the next volley. As I had directed we made a dash up the hill, I ahead, Joe Blue next, and Brogan bringing up the rear, each of course running as fast as he could, and slow at that on account of the steepness of the bluff. Just as I reached the top I heard the volley sweep across the path behind me. I instinctively turned and looked back. At the same moment Brogan uttered a cry of agony. I had looked just in time to see him falling. He was twenty feet behind me, and Blue about midway between us. No time was to be lost. Brogan was lying wounded on the edge of the volley range, and in a few seconds he would be exposed again. How seriously Brogan was wounded we did not know, but I feared mortally. With all speed Blue and I rushed to his relief, picked him up and hastily as we could hurried back down the bluff, just clearing the range as the next volley swept the path. We took Brogan to the spring, bathed him in cool water, giving him plenty to drink. He was suffering intensely and bleeding profusely. We felt some measure of relief to find that his wound was not mortal. But his agonizing groans and shrieks were distressing. He was in a state of delirium, and raved like a mad-man, so that we could hardly do anything with him. During these paroxysms he frequently roared out: "Ed, you are the whole cause of this; you caused me to be shot down like a beef—murdered." When I pointed out that it was our duty to get to our regiment, he would quiet down and say: "Oh, no! no, no, no! You are not to blame; you were doing your duty. I do not blame you." We spread down his blanket on the ground, made a swing by fastening both ends of his other blanket to the limb of a sapling, placed his wounded foot in the swing about two feet above the ground. This elevation of his feet gave him great relief, and he became quiet. I was detained by this occurrence about half an hour more. I left Brogan in care of Blue with directions to get him to the hospital as soon as he could, and then running the gauntlet of shrapnel a second time without harm, and also the space of about 100 yards between the ravine and my regiment, I reached my command just as the first man ("Zeke" Meredith) of my company was killed, and only a few minutes before the first great assault was made on our lines.

A PIECE OF SHELL.

During the last two or three weeks of the siege of Port Hudson we had the Yankees so trained that when they started to make an assault on our position we would discharge a few volleys from our breast-works, when they would scamper back to the cover of the woods, and that would be the last of the fighting for that day. We were much worn down physically by incessant watching and fighting day and night during the preceding weeks of the siege; and our officers seeing they they could do so with safety, allow two men daily from each company to go back to our camp on the bank of the river for a day's rest. Under this rule a comrade and myself were spending a day at camp, where there was nothing to molest save a Yankee mortar battery out beyond our lines that was exploding a shell high above our camp about every half hour. These shells generally fell in small fragments in the camp, and to these we paid no attention; but occasionally a bomb would burst into two or more large fragments, and the descent of these from so great a height, with rapidly increasing velocity, and resembling the sound made by the flapping of a large fowl, were always unwelcome intruders. We had taken our naps and were lying on our respective bunks talking when one of these large fragments started homeward. At first we gave it no attention. On, on it came, the sound becoming more and more distinct, and the fragment apparently coming down through our tent. We stopped talking and turned our eyes upwards towards the top of the tent. For several moments it seemed to be dancing along the ridge-pole of our tent. It did strike the ground in the very door of our tent, burying itself about one and a half feet in that hard ground.

On another occasion, a comrade was lying in his tent asleep with his head on his knapsack, when a minie ball from the enemy's line half a mile away, passed through his tent cloth and knapsack. The comrade, I believe, was Sergeant Owen Dykes.

DARING ESCAPE OF LIEUTS. E. J. M. PADGETT, OF THE PEROTE
GUARDS, AND WM. F. CLEMENTS, OF THE GUARDS OF
THE SUNNY SOUTH, FROM PORT HUDSON,
LA., IN JULY, 1863.

In the Fall of 1876 Lieut. Padgett then, as now (1904), engaged in orange culture near Leesburg, Fla., made a tour of several months among his old friends in South Alabama. He was suffering from chronic chills. I was then principal of the Rutledge (Crenshaw county) High School, and Lieut. Padgett spent a week with me at my residence. At this time the war was still much talked of by surviving Confederates, and it was during one of these conversations that I was reminded of the escape of himself and Clements from Port Hudson, and asked him to state to me the particulars of that famous adventure. This he did, afterwards writing out, at my request, the whole story which I subsequently had published in the *Union Springs Herald*. When Port Hudson was surrendered, July 8, 1863, the men were paroled but the officers were reserved for northern prisons. The officers had before them the prospects of long imprisonment, untold suffering and probably death in far away northern prisons. This was to be dreaded more than death on the battlefield. Under far different conditions, indeed, did the men and officers of the First Alabama Regiment part on the bank of the Mississippi at Port Hudson—the former on parole with the pleasing anticipation of meeting loved ones again in the old Alabama homes; the latter, for northern prisons. Horrors of prison life it was that led so many officers of the little Port Hudson Army to take their lives in their hands and risk all to effect their escape. Several other officers of our regiment made good their escape through the Federal lines, but we can recall none other now (1904) save that of the lion-hearted Richard Williams, captain of the Clayton Guards. What his personal experience was we shall probably never know, for he has left us no written record; but, whatever his perils and vicissitudes, we feel perfectly assured of one fact—that his iron nerve was equal to every emergency. Nor did the Southern Army furnish to the Southern Cause two higher examples of courage and nerve than in the persons of Lieuts. E. J. M. Padgett and Wm. F. Clements.

When I was principal of the Fort Deposit Institute (1891-2), Lieut. Clements was living and merchandising in that town, as he had been doing since the close of the war, and having been shown by me the story of Lieut. Padgett in reference to their escape from Port Hudson, he affirmed every word to be true and correct.

Lieut. Clements died in 1901 or 1902.

But to the story of Lieut. Padgett under date of September 15, 1876:

I had been in the ditches for about fifteen days, the other officers of our company all being sick. The day of the surrender I was relieved and went back to camp to change my clothing. I had dressed and was sitting in a tent playing a game of chess with Prof. F. T. Chase when the news of our surrender reached me. I immediately went and procured some shelled corn, parched it, went to a hand-mill we had, and ground it into hominy. I then mixed with it about one-third sugar, making it much more palatable than the mule beef which, you remember, we had been subsisting on for several days. When I got my haversack of parched corn and sugar, I began to cast about for some reliable man to go with me; for I determined to make a desperate attempt to effect my escape from Port Hudson. I met up with Lieut. Wm. F. Clements who said he was willing to join me in the undertaking. Our plan was to wait till dark, get a little boat and try to pass down through the Yankee fleet lying about three miles below us. Our hope was by rowing as near the fleet as we deemed prudent, and then scuttling our boat and letting her float down the stream that we could make our way through their line of gunboats. But when we got near enough to obtain a full view, we recognized the impossibility of this plan from the compact line of Yankee crafts strung, chain-like, across the river, thus enabling those to inspect minutely even a passing log or chunk. After a moment's consultation we determined to make for the opposite, or east bank of the river. The night being a little cloudy inspired us with some hope of success. When we got within, I suppose, two hundred yards of the bank, we were challenged with: "Who comes dere?" I replied "friends," and immediately turned about and told Clements to pull for life back to camps. We had gone but a little ways when the challenging

party fired upon us, and almost instantly a long line of picket fire was opened upon us from along the shore. We escaped untouched and rowed our boat safely back to camp. We got back between midnight and day and found the encampment all astir. The Yankees had issued rations to our men, every mess had a big fire, and the hungry rebels were up cooking. Clements and I filled our haversacks and started again, determined this time to escape through the main line of the enemy. We thought it a life and death case, for, you remember, Gen. Butler at New Orleans had issued orders that all officers of the Confederate army captured should be held as hostages for any of his men who should suffer violence at our hands.

While at the front I had noticed that there were no breastworks across the ravine (for location of this ravine see map of Port Hudson, just in rear and east of the First Alabama regiment) between our right and the 12th Arkansas on our right, and told Clements we would make for that ravine. We struck the ravine about two hundred yards in rear of the breastworks, conjecturing that the Yankees had posted a strong picket on this line. We thought to approach their picket lines as near as possible and conceal ourselves during the next day, hoping by some good fortune to get into possession of their countersign. We crawled upon our hands and knees until we thought we were near enough their line, and fortunately just in front of us was a large patch of briars. With our pocket knives we cut our way in under these briars. Not long after we got still we heard heavy breathing as of some one asleep. Clements whispered to me that it was Capt. Williams' squad of the Clayton Guards—that he had heard in camp that night that Capt. Williams would attempt to make his escape. Clements, who had been eating raw beef-tongue, and, it very salty and dry, was nearly dead for water, and proposed that he crawl up to the supposed Capt. Williams and get some water from him. As it was nearly day, I prevailed on him to wait until daylight. When it grew light we found that we had crawled up within fifteen feet of a Yankee picket station, and there we had to lie the whole day, not daring to move. You may talk about mosquitoes in Florida, but I never had them to bite me as they did in that briar patch. I would lift my hand and rub them off, and so soon as I would take my hand down they would cover my face again. Thus we suffered torments all that day which

seemed to be an eternity. The mosquitoes bit the Yankees, too, for as soon as night came they built small fires at every picket post. We saw the Yankee officer of the day when he posted the pickets that evening, and heard his instructions to the guard, but were not able to understand the countersign well enough for us to attempt its use. The sergeant who relieved the guard about 9 o'clock remarked to the relief that he suspected there were rebels in the woods, and that if anything made a noise in the bush to say "hold;" count one, two, three, and fire. We thought our chance slender, but still determined to risk it. So we crawled out from the briars by the same way we went in, got midway between the picket posts, and stretched out our length flat on the ground, like a measuring worm length by length we went across the line. We wandered all night in and out of the enemy's breastworks until nearly day (having to crawl, our progress was very slow) when we came to a fence corner grown up thick with weeds and bushes. Here we lay concealed another day, seeing the Yankee army, except their pickets, going into Port Hudson. About 9 o'clock that night, the third night, we again started out from our place of concealment. We got along very well until we approached the cavalry encampment, where we knew we must pass another line of pickets. I proposed to Clements that I crawl up and hunt for the picket line, letting him remain where he was. I crawled up the hill and just on top I heard footsteps. I lay flat on the ground and soon discovered that the person, whoever he might be, was coming directly towards me. I lay as flat and still as possible, and soon realized that I had stopped immediately on the picket line. The sentinel walked up within ten feet of me, held up his foot, struck a match and lit his pipe. I looked him in the face until he turned about and marched up his beat. Clements came up quickly and we passed on. Soon we were in their camps and passing around their horses hitched by companies, frequently passing near the men lying asleep under the trees on great piles of cotton they had evidently stolen from the planters in the community. Clements proposed to seize each a horse and make a dash. I objected, saying we were doing well, and better let "well enough alone." Having to pass around so many camps and fires we lost our course, and as it was a cloudy night without a star, we could not recover it. We wandered about until nearly day, when finding that

we would have to spend another day in the encampment, we began to look for a suitable place to conceal ourselves. We finally came, about daylight, to a newly felled tree. We got into the top, and by cutting brush with our knives, soon covered up ourselves. We lay there without a drop of water until about 4 p. m. when a hard rain came up, and by rolling our hat brims on the side managed to catch enough water in our canteens for a good drink. Just before night three negro men approached our tree top with axes. Clements said: "Padgett, we are gone up." But when the axmen approached nearer they decided, much to our relief, to cut down another tree. During the day we had been able to get the right direction from the sun, and about 9 p. m. we again sallied forth, soon leaving the enemy behind us. When we struck the railroad Clements exclaimed: "We are safe now, and started down the road towards Port Hudson, when I stopped him, saying: "You are going back to Port Hudson." He contended, and I soon saw that we could not agree. I told him that, however much I disliked it, we would separate, I taking the other end of the road. We discussed the seven stars, and he finally agreed to go with me until both should decide that I was wrong and he right. We went on through a large plantation for some distance when we discovered woods in front. I remarked to Clements that the enemy very likely had a strong rear guard as our Gen. Logan had been attacking their rear every day or two and that their rear picket line would probably be at the edge of the wood. We decided that I should slip along ahead and reconnoitre. While moving forward cautiously some ominous night fowl, making a strange shrill noise, flew a few feet in front of me. Already filled with presentiment, this caused me to halt, when I distinctly heard horses stamping the ground in the woods. Thus was fancy, in a manner strange enough, turned into reality. We hurriedly retraced our steps up the railroad, and turned out to surround the picket post. This we effected with ease, both exclaiming "Safe!" when we again reached the railroad beyond the pickets. We then marched on for two hours and came to very fine corn growing on each side of the track, from which we knew we were outside the Yankee lines. Just then some half a dozen heads bobbed up above the cross ties, demanding "halt! halt!" and "click, click" went their gunlocks, about twenty steps in our front. We stopped; neither

Clements nor myself spoke a word. We scarcely breathed. One of the mysterious heads demanded: "Who comes there?" I waited for Clements, and he for me to speak. When the demand was repeated I replied: "We are Confederate soldiers making our escape from Port Hudson," a moment's reflection convincing me that the quickest way to find them out was to let them know who we were. I then questioned them and ascertained that they were Logan's men. I asked if we could approach. They replied that one of us could. I advanced and when within about five feet they ordered halt. We were dressed in Confederate officers' uniforms, which, doubtless looking blue at night, aroused some suspicion of deception. As I halted they asked whether we were armed. "Yes; with pistol and cutlass," I replied, observing at the same time that they were armed with double-barrel shotguns. We had a hard time removing their suspicions as to ourselves, but they were finally convinced. Spending an hour or two with the "boys" we went on our way rejoicing, having been assured that there no Yankees ahead. We marched till daybreak when we heard, about two hundred yards to the left of the railroad, chickens crowing and somebody calling hogs. We went up, expecting the planter to give us a good breakfast. We found an old negro man and asked him who lived there. He replied himself and old woman, stating that the white folks had all fled leaving him in charge of the place. Upon our asking for breakfast, he seemed glad to accommodate us, saying we could tell his old woman all about her young massa and the neighbors' boys who were soldiers at Port Hudson. The old woman soon had three chickens on the table at our service. The old man watched for Yankees while we ate breakfast. Nearly all three of the chickens disappeared before our ravenous appetites, as did likewise a gallon of buttermilk. Exchanging our parched corn for what of the old lady's breakfast was left, we bade her and the old man farewell and took the railroad. After traveling about a mile we turned aside into a swamp and slept all day—the first sleep for three days. That night we walked to Clintonville, about twenty miles; and, our feet being worn out walking on crossties, we hired a conveyance to carry us about forty miles when we set out on foot for Waynesboro, Miss., our nearest railroad point.

Clements and myself arrived within about 30 miles of this town on Saturday evening, and decided to spend the Sabbath in this community. We were entertained by a pleasant family, and the old man and myself went to church. I had to answer a thousand questions from the curious crowd that gathered around me. One man who had just heard of his son's being wounded at Jackson, said that he was going to the depot for him next morning, and proposed that if any of the crowd would furnish a horse or mule, he could fix a way for Clements and myself to ride. The arrangement being made, Clements, the old man, the negro boy and myself set out next morning for the railroad. On the route we stopped at an old house in an old field to eat figs. I never before or since have seen such quantities and such fine ones. As I rode around a very large bush I discovered some one on the opposite side with a bucket. He caught sight of my uniform and broke for the woods. It struck me in a moment that he was a deserter, and to have some fun, I took after him, occasionally firing my pistol over his head. After half a mile's run he dodged me in the woods. After this we proceeded on our journey until within seven miles of Waynesboro. Here we were caught in a thunder storm, and sought shelter in a little house by the roadside. Riding rapidly up we threw our bridle reins over the corners of fences, and dashed into the house, frightening the old lady very much. After a great deal of persuasion she finally consented for us to sleep in the piazza. After the rain, we put our horses in the lot, but saw there was nothing with which to feed them except some green corn in the field. A feed of this for our horses we could neither beg nor buy of the old lady. I then told her that we would have to take it—that our stock must be fed. At this she became very wrathful and vowed vengeance if we cut her corn. I cut down the corn and the negro boy and myself fed the horses. The old lady blamed me with it all. She offered Clements and the old man a bed, but refused me even a quilt with which to make a pallet on the floor. However, I got the saddle blankets, spread them on the floor, and lay down. As the house had only one room the old lady went into the kitchen when we got ready to retire. Early next morning we resumed our journey, reaching Waynesboro two hours before train time. We went to the hotel and ordered breakfast. The landlord said it would be ready in a few

minutes. We had taken our seats in the gallery when a man called the landlord to the gate and had a long conversation. On his return I enquired how long till breakfast. He replied "presently," adding that it was half an hour before train time. We waited nearly an hour, talked about the war, etc. I found his name to be Lampley, formerly of Louisville, Barbour county, Ala. I knew his family and he knew my father well. As soon as he found out this he got up and said. "Now, I am satisfied you gentlemen are all right; walk out to breakfast" He then stated that he had purposely kept breakfast waiting until the citizens in the neighborhood could get together and take us—that the man who called him out was called in at the house seven miles back where we had spent the night, and the negro boy with us here said that we were Yankee spies. Lampley told us not to be surprised if we saw a party riding up to take us. We finished breakfast, and soon after about twenty men with shotguns and about fifty dogs came riding up to the hotel gate. Lampley met them, told them it was a false alarm, and to get down and laugh it off. When they found we had no papers, they said they would have swung us to the first limb, but for the timely correction of the mistake. The thought of being hanged by our own men within our own lines was most horrible. So Clements and I got some cowhides, took satisfaction out of the negro on the horse block, and then went into the office and wrote each a leave of absence signed by our commanding general. The train soon arrived and we left for home, where we remained until the regiment was reorganized the following October at Cahaba, Ala., in parole camps.

TRIP HOME FROM THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

On our return from Hood's fateful campaign in Tennessee the army recrossed the Tennessee river during the early days of January, 1865, at Bainbridge, a few miles above Florence, Ala., and those of us who had no shoes, or shoes with no soles, were ordered down the M. & C. R. R. on foot to Corinth, Miss. After a few days' detention at Corinth, during very hard weather and in miserable quarters, we were sent by rail to Lauderdale Springs, Miss., then a Confederate hospital. On our arrival we found several hundred of our barefoot, sick and wounded here. Each was working energetically for a fur-

lough, or transfer to hospitals nearer home, where he could get shoes, clothing, etc., and possibly a glimpse of the old home even if only for a few days, but few except the wounded were meeting with success. The latter were readily furloughed or transferred to any point they named, often without careful medical examination. About the second morning after our arrival, Ben Baker, of my company, came up to me when something like the following colloquy ensued, he asking the first question: "How would you like to have a thirty days' furlough 'stuck' to you this morning?" "Have you one?" "Just got it a few minutes ago." "How did this happen?" "Why, when I reached this place, I reported as a wounded soldier, underwent my examination this morning as such, with the happy result, as you see, of a thirty-day furlough, one member of the board contending strongly for a sixty-day furlough."

Baker had two large risings or boils on the calf of one of his legs, which at this time were beginning to heal, but looked inflamed, and had left two cavities half an inch deep and resembling very much a wound made by a minie ball that had struck and rebounded. With these he had fooled the medical board.

As for myself, I wanted a transfer to Montgomery hospital, having no hope of a furlough, as I had no "wounds," as Baker had, upon which to base my application; and as the medical board declared its positive orders were to approve no furlough except to wounded, I had a rather hopeless case. A day or two later I learned that Dr. Ford, our surgeon at Barrancas in '61, was now medical director of this department with headquarters at Macon, Miss., about forty miles north of Lauderdale. I made no formal application for a furlough, but wrote him a personal letter, stating who I was, the condition of my feet, to what regiment I belonged, mentioning the fact that I was with the regiment at Barrancas in 1861, and asked for a transfer to Montgomery, where I might obtain shoes, clothing, etc., from home, and of which I was in great need. Knowing how rigidly military men adhere to military forms, and this whole procedure of mine being contrary thereto, I had little hope of success and little reason to expect it. But to my delight the return mail brought my transfer. From the short time, the surgeon must have laid aside, for a few minutes, every other business matter to attend to my wants. To this day it brings me the greatest pleasure to recall this incident. I wrote him

trying to express my gratitude, but felt my inadequacy for the task. Though I never knew him personally, except at sight, I have wished many a time since the war that I could meet him and clasp his hand.

The next day I left for Meridian, where I changed cars for Montgomery. The railroad from this place to Demopolis was at this time in a deplorable condition, many miles of track being sunk out of sight in mud. The outgoing train to Demopolis, composed of freight boxes, was so crowded with soldiers, that, with others, I had to take a berth on top. At many places along the way the cars careened to such a degree in going through cuts that the tops would nearly strike the walls of the cuts. Moreover, it was a bitter cold night.

On reaching Demopolis, I went to the Soldiers' Home for lodging, and to my surprise found here Mike Brogan, the only Irishman that ever belonged to our company. He had some position in the home, having been disabled by a wound in the foot on the morning of May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La., since which time the company had lost sight of him and he of the company. As soon as he recognized me his Irish instinct gave vent to bountiful expressions of joy, shouting and throwing his arms around my waist. He carried me to a private room of the home and sat before me the best meal the home could furnish, but kept me awake nearly all night with questions about the "ups and downs" of the company, and the fate of different comrades since we had left him in the hospital at Port Hudson in July, 1863. After I had told him of our hard service since then, the many battles in which we had been engaged, the many comrades that had fallen in battle or by the hand of disease, his joy melted away into profound sadness, there was a long silence and he continued: "Ed, you know I always blamed you for this wound in my foot, and you don't know how deeply grieved towards you I felt for a long time, feeling that you were indirectly, at least, the cause of the misfortune to me, and therefore the author of the greatest bodily injury ever done me; but instead of being a calamity, it has been a blessing in disguise, for if I had not been wounded the chances are that I should not to-day be living."

Brogan was a young man with ideal Irish characteristics and temperament, and intensely loyal to the South. The company liked him.

The next morning I went by rail to Selma, passing through the beautiful and fertile canebrake section. For miles and miles along the road were continuous rail pens, each about ten feet square and twelve or fifteen feet high, full of corn paid by the farmers as a part of their tribute for the support of the Confederate Government; and as we looked at this vast amount of corn, we could not understand how there could be such stinted rations even of cornbread to the Confederate soldier, when it looked to me that here alone was enough corn to feed all the men and horses of the Confederate army for months. But the explanation is that our transportation facilities were wholly inadequate. Even "during those closing days of the Confederacy" no destroying vandal hordes had set foot upon and blighted this fair section. To me just returned from desolate Tennessee the contrast was most striking, and as I looked out across the broad, fertile plantations bounded in many places only by the horizon, upon princely homes with every evidence of affluence and luxury about them and saw large bodies of slaves quietly as ever pursuing their daily labor, I silently exclaimed in my heart: "Happy, thrice happy, even yet knowing nothing of the horrors of war."

Reaching Selma I at once boarded a steamer for Montgomery, arriving next morning, and at once reported at the hospital, where I found a Dr. Clark in charge. This hospital was situated not more than one or two blocks west of the present new Advertiser office. I was assigned to a comfortable room. Here, as at Lauderdale, I found soldiers working for furloughs and transfers, but the surgeon here, as there, declared that he had positive orders to grant none. The next day I engaged him a while in conversation in his office, finally suggesting in as modest a way as I could that a furlough of one week out to my home near Perote would be appreciated. As I walked out of his office he told me to call early next morning. Having before me the pleasing prospects of a furlough next day, I carried a light heart to my room, and possibly fell asleep that night in blissful dreams of home and friends. It was late next morning when I awoke. Arranging my Confederate toilet as quick as I could, I hastened down to the surgeon's office and haply found him alone. He at once began to write out my furlough, but had not half finished when a big crowd of soldiers came rushing up, each clamoring for a furlough. At this the sur-

geon became indignant, and brushing aside, along with other stationery, the sheet on which he was writing my furlough, he said with some warmth: "I told you my orders were to give no furloughs, and I shall give none. Go back to your rooms," at the same time casting a glance at me that had the full significance of "and you get out of my office." I promptly and deferentially obeyed the silent order, carrying away a heart as heavy as it had been light, and greatly vexed with the crowd who, by their precipitancy, had caused me to lose my furlough. But the real cause of my misfortune was the fact of my having overslept myself, and not till now did I fully understand the full import of the doctor's request "to come early"—before the other soldiers got up. Two days later I found the surgeon alone in his office, got my furlough, and a day later reached home.

AT HOME ON FURLOUGH.

During the war it was the custom of the young ladies of Perote to give, in the Institute, a social entertainment in honor of any young man of the Perote Guards returning home on furlough. On this occasion, as before, one was given in my honor. At this gathering I plainly saw that the ladies were becoming despondent of our ultimate success in the war. They tried to conceal it but the fact was too patent. They had not of course abated one jot or tittle of loyalty to the Confederacy. No community in the South loved the cause more than this, so much so that at the beginning of the war it went as a popular jest that if Alabama did not secede, Perote would. It was with the deepest regret that I found such a state of affairs at home. At the time I believed that there was no substantial foundation for this despondency, and had no doubt whatever of the final triumph of Southern arms. It seems to me now that I was totally blind to plain facts before me. It was thus with nearly every volunteer of the Confederacy, especially those of 1861. But now the women who from start to finish had been the spirit of the war, seemed to be yielding to doubts and despondency. The incident made upon me a profoundly sad impression, but I took them severely to task about these doubts, for I was somewhat wrought up, and told them that if all Southern women were sharing their fears, this alarm alone would ruin our cause; and I declared with earnestness my unshaken faith in the success of

our arms, and that their fears were without foundation. And I then had no doubt of the truth of every word I uttered.

When we look at the condition of the South at this time we wonder that anybody had hope. Our fields devastated, our cities and homes laid in ashes, hardly a family not mourning the loss of a loved one, thousands of our citizens and comrades languishing and dying of starvation in cold Northern prisons, our lines being forced back by overwhelming numbers of Federals, our own slaves armed against us, and our resources exhausted.

But more than any one of these causes, and more than all others combined in fact, and one of which very little account has been taken, had in our opinion the most influence in lessening the war spirit of the South. For two years preceding the end of the war there had been a growing impression—unfounded, of course—that we could return to the Union with all our rights and property, that the war was being waged by the Federals solely for the preservation of the Union. This delusion, owing its origin mainly to the activity of such well meaning Northern friends as Vallandigham of Ohio, did our cause more harm than Yankee bullets; for it encouraged the hope for an honorable peace, when none ever existed. Not until the Confederates laid down their aims was the fact apparent that the war, on the part of the Federal government, had been waged from sectional hate, for conquest, despoliation and robbery. There would have been no surrender when there was, if we had had the faintest conception of what that surrender involved.

Then, another cause for lessening the war spirit of the South was the unwise substitute and exemption laws of the Confederate congress. These were very unjust as well as unwise. They were unjust to the poor man who owned no slaves; equally unjust to the Confederate who was a slave-owner; and were demoralizing because they were unjust.

SETS OUT TO REJOIN THE ARMY.

When my week's furlough had expired, I set out to rejoin my command, then moving eastward through Georgia. I carried with me a young recruit, Archie Ardis, a youth of fifteen. He was a sensible, good-natured, intelligent lad, of one of our best families, and had been placed in my care. Reaching Ma-

con, Ga., in the afternoon of the next day, I went to military headquarters for further transportation, and was delightfully surprised to meet here Francis T. Chase and James T. Patterson of my company. The former had been disabled by a wound in the arm during the Georgia campaign the previous summer, and was now a clerk in the office of the post commandant. The latter was on the same mission as myself. That night, seated around a good fire in the tent of Mr. Chase we talked until away after midnight of the condition of the country. At last I caused a sensation by saying: "I will express an opinion that you have never heard me utter before, because I have never entertained it before—but I believe our cause is lost!" Patterson and Chase looked at me in astonishment. There was a silence for several seconds when I resumed: "The women of the South have been the spirit of the war, and they are losing hope." After another long silence Chase replied: "If I thought as you I would lay down my gun and go home." My sensitive nature felt in this reply the sting of a mild rebuke, and I replied with warmth: "My fight henceforth will be with little hope, but never will I lay down my gun while there is a Yankee vandal on Southern soil."

SKETCH OF FRANCIS T. CHASE.

I leave here the thread of my story to give a brief sketch of this remarkable private in the Confederate service—Francis T. Chase. Born and educated in Connecticut, a kinsman of Salmon P. Chase, one of the most scholarly men that ever came South to teach, with extreme modesty, he was at the breaking out of the war a professor in Perote Institute, where, during the two years previous, he had been my preceptor. He weighed about ninety pounds, had a sallow complexion, and from every view physically you seldom meet a frailer-looking specimen of humanity. Had you seen him in the ranks of our company, Feb. 12, 1861, as we marched away from Perote to war, you would have judged him incapable of more than a month's service. Yet he was, throughout the four years' service of the company one of its most healthy and efficient members, never asking any favors, never seeking an office, doing all sorts of army drudgery; never making a complaint, twice wounded, always confident of our success, intensely loyal to the Southern

cause. Two or three years after the war he went into business in New Orleans, and was head clerk in the freight office of the Illinois Central railroad, until he retired about a year ago on a pension from the railroad. He then took up his residence at the Nichols Soldiers' Home of that city, where he died (1904) only a few months ago. During all these years he has been true to the South, and a liberal contributor to soldiers' homes, monuments, Confederate widows and orphans. He was never married.

NARRATIVE RESUMED.

The next day "Cub" (Ardis) and myself resumed our journey, reaching Milledgeville, Ga., late in the afternoon, during a down-pour of rain. For a month or more previous the rains had been excessive, and all the streams in a swell tide. Sherman had destroyed the bridge over the Oconee river at Milledgeville, and it had not been rebuilt. For temporary purposes the authorities were exerting their utmost to stretch across the river pontoon bridges, but on account of high water were having no success. From this point we wanted to reach Augusta, Ga., which could be done only on foot, as the railroads thither were all torn up. However, it was given out that the pontoons would be across the river in a day or two.

There being no soldiers' home here, I must seek lodging at a private residence. During the war it was the custom of Southern people to give lodging, meals and other help to Confederate soldiers passing through their communities, and for several reasons the Confederate soldier felt that he was justly entitled to this consideration.

Going up a street I soon came to a large residence on the right, walked up to the door and rang the bell. A fine looking old lady answered. She said she had but one vacant room and was daily expecting her son, who was wounded in Virginia. But while she was standing in the door talking to me, her daughter, a beautiful brunette, of about sixteen, was standing just back of her mother, listening and looking, unobserved I think, by her mother. I bade the old lady adieu, and as I walked out across the veranda, her daughter came running after us, and saying that she wished to get some flowers from the hot house for us, and requesting that we stop a few minutes at

the gate. She soon came with a pretty little bouquet for each; and then, womanlike, began to ask questions. In the meanwhile a gloomy twilight was thickening about us, and as we stood at the gate, it was cold, and I had not forgotten that as yet I had no shelter for the night. I started to bid her "Good evening," but she replied with earnestness and emphasis: "No, not right now. Wait until I run and see my mother." I suspected that she would try to get her mother to entertain us, and I protested earnestly. The truth is, I had concluded that her mother was not much of a Southern woman, or she would have given me some kind of a shelter, the best she could—even out in the veranda if she could do no better—and my feelings were quite averse to any further acquaintance with her. I believed that her statement that that large house had but one vacant room was a mere excuse; and as to that wounded son in Virginia—oh well; I had serious doubts about it all. I could not, however, deny the daughter's request without discourtesy to her, and this I could not afford, and so I reluctantly yielded. She bounded away in a run, leaving my companion and myself at the gate. I hoped she would bring back a negative answer, for I didn't feel inclined at all to go back. I had no fears of being left out in the cold rain that night. There were too many good people in that town. In a few seconds she re-appeared in a run, as she had gone, and her face beaming with joy, gave me notice in advance that she had been victorious, and that I was vanquished. Indeed, I felt completely vanquished, for when I wanted to stay I couldn't; and then when I didn't want to stay, I was made to do it. She gathered up one or two of our bundles, and we started back, her sunny nature evidently delighted. I struggled to conceal my real feelings. The old lady met us at the door, gave us a kind reception, and carried us up stairs to our room. The name of this lady was Mrs. Little (she was a widow); that of her daughter, Mollie. When I met the family and guests next morning at the breakfast table, I saw that I had wrongly judged Mrs. Little, for there was quite a number of guests—refugees, and I made in the presence of the guests, a full confession of the injustice I had done her. All seemed to enjoy the incident, and Mrs. Little seemed to appreciate my frankness.

That night Miss Mollie gave a card party which we enjoyed. The next night a neighbor of hers entertained at cards, and we

were so entertained every night during the week we remained; for we could not leave sooner on account of the pontoon bridge not having been put across the river. About the second or third day of our stay the "wounded son" from Virginia came in, but still we kept our rooms. We found this young man quite a help in our socials, young men at this time being scarce. I often recall with great pleasure the kindness of Mrs. Little, her son, and Miss Mollie.

FORTUNE TELLING.

I now come to relate an unimportant but the most striking co-incident of my whole life. The last night of our stay a card party was given at Mrs. Little's, and it was largely attended, mostly by young girls and young men. We played the usual games until a late hour, when we changed to "telling fortunes" with cards. The lass (about 15) with whom I had mostly played, after telling or foretelling when I would marry, the color of the eyes and hair of my wife-to-be, etc., asked me if I would like to have another furlough. I replied, "Yes, run these cards and tell me how long before I shall get another." She dealt off the cards, and after consulting them declared I should get another furlough in a very short time. I replied that I didn't believe it, because I was returning from home on a furlough; that I was going then to "head off" Sherman in the Carolinas, and that an early furlough for me was absurd. "You have consulted the wrong cards," I said, "try that again with the cards." She did so, and at the conclusion threw up her hands and shouted: "Oh, it will be no time hardly before you have another furlough." She went through all this with the most affected sincerity and gravity. "Impossible," I said. "You are a failure, I know, as a fortune-teller. Run these cards again." A third time she ran the cards in reference to my getting a furlough, the last time going into ecstasies of joy, and affirming with still more earnestness it would be almost no time before I received another furlough. The next morning Ardis and myself took leave of our kind friends, and set out on foot for Augusta. We had to pass down through the business part of the city, and here I met Lieut. Alex. Frier and Sergt. Hector McLean of my company returning as a special detail to Alabama. Lieut. Frier had been sent back on a

special service, and with authority and orders to detail two non-commissioned officers to assist him in his duties. He had already detailed one (McLean), he lacked another and promptly detailed me. This would give another furlough of ten days at home. It had not been fifteen hours since the young lady with a pack of cards had foretold this! Was there ever a more remarkable coincidence! With me the vexatious question was what to do with Ardis, for he was in total ignorance of my having been detailed. I had to leave him, an inexperienced youth, alone in a strange city. Would it be better to see him myself, tell him that I had to leave him, and try to reconcile him to his fate; or would it be better to steal away from him and leave him to solve his own problems. I wanted to pursue the former course, my friends were decidedly of the opinion that it would make matters ten times worse. So we stole away from him. About sundown that evening we left on the train for Alabama. I could not get Ardis off my mind, could not quiet my conscience. When he learned of all the particulars he was greatly hurt with me, but after reflection justified me, and approved of my course in doing so.

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CHAPTER VIII.

DEAD OF THE FIRST ALABAMA REGIMENT AT MADISON, WIS.; and MRS. ALICE WHITING WATERMAN.

In another place I have spoken fully of our prison life in 1862. Here I shall pay a slight tribute to the brave men and boys of our command who fell in the first flush of the struggle, almost before the issues of the war had been fully presented, or before the combatants settled down to the grim years of sacrifice and achievement before them.

The following is a list of Confederate dead buried in the Confederate cemetery at Madison, Wis., one hundred and five of whom belonged to the First Regiment Alabama Volunteers, C. S. A., with company, regiment and date of death in 1862, reported to the Wisconsin State Historical Society by James R. Stuart, October, 1893.

H. Falks, Company D, May 16.
J. W. Gilmore, Company C, May 25.
W. M. Ingraham, Company C, May 16.
Samuel Coon, Company D, May 1.
Isham Crew, Company D, May 26.
J. F. Smith, Company K, May 16.
F. N. Hood, Company I, May 1.
Lee Calloway, Company E, May 16.
T. H. Lochridge, Company D, May 1.
Henry Lloyd, Company I, June 12.
Pierce Register, Company E, May 16.
J. V. Stoyner, Company C, May 16.
H. J. Stoner, Company D, May 7.
W. Moore, Company H, May 27.
John Wilkes, Company I, May 1.
David Benedict, Company E, June 12.
W. H. Hadden, Company B, May 24.
J. H. Strickland, Company C, May 10.

J. B. Ubry, Company I, June 12.
 J. H. Beasley, Company G, May 24.
 W. J. Bard, Company C, May 16.
 John Larron, Company E, April 28.
 J. A. Maurief, Company K, June 7.
 W. T. Eamed, Company E, May 23.
 S. T. Oliver, Company C, May 14.
 D. D. Bird, Company I, May 6.
 L. Kniebe, Company C, June 11.
 Charles Mettier, Company —, May 23.
 Robert Riley, Company D, May 16.
 Henry Albritton, Company B, May 7.
 Joshua Browder, Company C, May 6.
 Davis McKibbon, Company F, June 11.
 B. F. Harrow, Company H, June 12.
 Benager Peacock, Company D, May 24.
 B. F. Mansell, Company G, May 14.
 John Brandon, Company H, May 7.
 Ham Infinfer, Company D, April 2.
 Henry Glisson, Company D, May 3.
 Ed Bates, Company G, April 21.
 W. B. Bracken, Company I, May 27.
 S. M. Barber, Company C, May 22.
 E. Branning, Company C, May 12.
 Harvey Meader, Company F, May 3.
 J. M. McCaul, Company G, May 11.
 G. W. Spears, Company B, May 19.
 T. D. Fulton, Company G, May 10.
 J. K. Jones, Company H, May 3.
 J. J. Farmer, Company —, July 3.
 R. W. Clifton, Company G, June 13.
 John R. Holt, Company I, May 24.
 T. T. Demmins, Company I, May 10.
 ————, Company D, April 30.
 W. L. Peacock, Company D, June 23.
 G. S. Marquis, Company C, May 10.
 J. W. Andrews, Company E, June 11.
 ————, May 6.
 J. M. Edwards, Company E, May 16.
 S. J. Sager, Company D, May 23.
 Thomas Essry, Company H, May 13.

J. G. Dawson, Company I, May 6.
N. T. Reardon, Company I, April 30.
W. C. Mathews, Company E, April 28.
Thomas Mims, Company D, May 6.
N. J. Wicks, Company C, April 30.
William Greene, Company H, June 4.
P. L. Drinkard, Company B, May 23.
A. L. Spears, Company B, May 13.
N. Hollister, Company H, April 30.
F. L. Meucham, Company H, May 30.
J. J. Gilmore, Company F, May 13.
J. T. Morrison, Company C, May 5.
T. C. Adams, Company K, April 30.
J. E. Henry, Company K, May 30.
Wm. Smith, Company D, May 23.
C. A. Hellingsworth, Company E, May 12.
Thomas Cooper, Company F, June 3.
J. H. Ross, Company I, May 30.
J. R. White, Company I, May 3.
Wm. Pipkens, Company D, April 30.
W. Christwood, Company L, May 29.
D. M. Scott, Company F, May 30.
F. Boykind, Company G, May 13.
John Braden, Company D, May 5.
Joshua Browder, Company G, May 30.
Robert Taylor, Company D, May 22.
J. M. Wylie, Company H, April 28.
Joel Lodwick, Company D, April 28.
R. S. Castlebury, Company I, May 29.
— — — — —, Company B, April 2.
M. Grentham, Company D, May 5.
C. Sissonly, Company C, April 2.
J. P. Jarnegan, Company F, May 29.
J. H. Thuwers, Company G, May 19.
Isaac Taylor, Company H, May 5.
Thomas Kaumater, Company H, May 3.
J. F. Codrick, Company H, April 20.
William Brooks, Company G, April 27.
Edward Smith, Company E, May 17.
W. J. Russell, Company E, May 4.

William Ham, Company F, April 20.
Thomas Ostine, Company E, May 27.
N. Smart, Company C, May 19.
Samuel DePuster, Company G, June 19.
Samuel Willis, Company H, May 25.

HISTORY OF THE CARE AND CUSTODY OF THE SACRED SPOT
WHERE THE HEROES SLEEP.

The story of the care and custody of the graves of the foregoing, by Mrs. Alice W. Waterman should be given here, as a tribute to her heroic conduct and devoted attention. Fortunately I am able to do this through a report made by a committee of the Confederate Veterans' Association of Washington, D. C., extracts from which are here given. There is no survivor of our regiment who does not have for Mrs. Waterman a feeling of the profoundest gratitude and love.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

Hall of the
CONFEDERATE VETERANS' ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON,
D. C., CAMP 171, U. C. V.,

December 2, 1897.

Comrades: The committee appointed to report as to what steps should be taken in respect to the 139 dead Confederate soldiers who lie buried in Forest Hill Cemetery at Madison, Wisconsin, have to report that they have investigated the records, so far as they are accessible, in reference to this matter and find the facts to be as follows:

The operations around New Madrid, Missouri, and Island No. Ten, were carried on by about 7,000 Confederates on the one side, and about 28,000 Federal troops on the other. Besides these land forces the Federal army was assisted by a large flotilla of gunboats upon the Mississippi. It is not intended here to detail even briefly the operations which resulted in the capture of Island No. Ten, after an unusually severe siege of about six weeks, and after the greater portion of its garrison

had evacuated it. Those who desire to read at length the military history of that memorable occasion, will find the official reports of both sides in the 8th Volume of the War Records, Series 1. It is sufficient to say here that the Confederate forces upon the Island and on the mainland numbered about 7,000, of which about 3,000 were on the island.

In the volume of War Records just referred to, at page 94, the strength of the Union forces operating against the island, seven days before its capture, is officially stated at 18,547 officers and men present for duty. In the same volume, page 795, the official return of the Confederate force upon the island, present for duty, is 2,385 men on the 21st of March, which was seventeen days previous to its capture. When it was seen that the island must inevitably be taken, steps were begun to evacuate it, and accordingly on the night of the 6th of April, during a heavy rainstorm, about 6-7ths of the men succeeded after spiking most of the guns, in getting off in boats and rafts, and made their way to the Confederate lines. This was done, however, only after the disaster of New Madrid, where about 2,500 of our men were compelled to surrender to a force of about 15,000 of the enemy. The dispatch of Admiral Foote to the United States Secretary of War, dated April 8th, and announcing the capture on the previous day of Island Number Ten, states the number that surrendered to him to be "17 officers and 368 privates, besides 100 of them sick." Of these five hundred men, nearly all were of the First Alabama Regiment; one hundred and fifty only of that regiment having succeeded in getting off the island, the others remaining until it was too late. The First Alabama was commanded by Col. Isaiah G. W. Steedman. That he was a gallant officer, and his men among the very flower of their native State, the official reports alluded to clearly show. The regiment was, as its number indicates, probably the first regiment formed in the State at the breaking out of the war. We all know that in every Southern State, at that time, the men of these first regiments—the men who shouldered their guns at the first sound of the tocsin of war, were always among the best soldiers of the Confederacy. Consequently we are not surprised to find the First Alabama frequently mentioned in the official reports of the transaction on Island Number Ten. Gen. Leonidas Polk, in a letter announcing to Gen. McCown the Confederate

Commander of the island, that he had sent the First Alabama to reinforce him, speaks of the men as being among the best of Bragg's army. After the surrender of this little garrison to a force forty times its superior in numbers, they, with a large number of other Confederate prisoners, were sent North. A part were sent to Camp Douglass, near Chicago, and a smaller portion, which included these men of the First Alabama, were sent to Camp Randall near Madison, Wisconsin. They remained there, however, but about three months, when they were sent elsewhere, and it is believed were shortly afterwards exchanged. During this period of three months, 139 of these men died, 110 being of the First Alabama. Their deaths were undoubtedly the results of the suffering and constant exposure they had undergone in their heroic defense of Island Number Ten, which during the siege was constantly flooded in consequence of freshets of the Mississippi river, the men being often compelled, as the official reports state, while manning the guns of the batteries, to stand for hours knee deep in the chilly waters of the river, for the siege was during the month of March. (See the report of Gen. Trudeau commanding Artillery at Island Number Ten, March 29, 1862, Vol. 8, Series 1, War Records, page 150.) Elsewhere we have given the names of these dead heroes. As they died, sometimes at the rate of ten a day, they were laid side by side in a plot of ground on the edge of Forest Hill Cemetery, and that spot soon became known to the people of Madison, Wisconsin, as "Confederate Rest." And *rest* it was indeed, to these poor fellows, who, succumbing to the hardships of war, laid them down in their last sleep, martyrs to the cause they loved. For nearly five years after the war the site of those graves was almost forgotten. Among strangers who could not be expected to sympathize with the sentiments which had imbued these boys in gray and led them to offer their lives upon the altar of their country, it would perhaps, in time, have become completely obliterated but for the fact that there came to live at Madison, Wisconsin, a widowed, southern-born woman—Mrs. Alice W. Waterman of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. She learned of this lonely little corner in Forest Hill Cemetery and expended of her means to beautify it. How she did it, let the people of Madison, whose sympathies she awoke for these, our dead comrades, tell us, as we find it in the *Wisconsin State*

Journal of May 29, 1885, published at Madison, and from which we now quote:

"The knowledge of the fact that many of her countrymen lay neglected and almost forgotten among strangers at the North, far removed from the homes of their youth and the loving care of those to whom they were near and dear, touched a tender spot in the heart of the lady, and she resolved to do what lay in her power to beautify the resting place of the strangers. She heaped up neat mounds over each grave, planted trees in the plat and an evergreen hedge along the east and south sides, cleared away the weeds, trimmed the grass, and had a rude board fence, which has since been removed, constructed around the plat. Then she secured head boards, had them appropriately inscribed with the names of the dead, their company and regiment, as well as the date of death.

"Her work was commenced during the time Gen. Lucius Fairchild was Governor, and that gentleman displayed the charity of a true soldier for a fallen enemy, by doing various little acts of kindness tending to aid Mrs. Waterman in the work which her sympathetic nature inspired. Gov. Washburn, who succeeded Gov. Fairchild, went a step further than his predecessor in office, for upon a Memorial Day, when he was the State's Chief Executive, he led a party of old Union soldiers into Confederate Rest, and with his own hands strewed floral offerings upon the graves of the boys in gray. This custom has been generally followed since it was established. Gov. Washburn was the first Chief Executive in any of the Northern States to exhibit such charity, but his conduct has since been very generally emulated where Union and Confederate soldiers lie buried together. Hon. B. J. Stevens, while acting as Mayor of Madison last year, showed great kindness to Mrs. Waterman, and offered to assist her in any manner he was able, while the Cemetery Commissioners—Gen. C. P. Chapman, Deming Fitch and Darwin Clark—have of late years been very thoughtful in their attentions.

"Mrs. Waterman has an affectionate way of referring to the buried Confederates, whose graves she guards so tenderly, as 'My boys.' She says she planted the hedges around the plat to 'keep the cold wind off my boys,' and it affords her pleasure to know that when the sun rises in the morning, it shines warmly in the faces of 'my boys.' She planted white lilac amid the graves, because they will blossom even if she is 'not there to watch them,'

and her object in setting out two butternut trees was, as she puts it, so 'that the children will go there to gather the nuts, and thus make the place more pleasant by their presence.' "

Closely adjoining this cemetery of our dead comrades lies a cemetery of Federal dead, and we are informed that for many years it has been the custom on Decoration day to hold memorial exercises in the open spaces between these two burial spots, and at their conclusion to decorate the graves of Federal and Confederate dead alike. For this beautiful and touching tribute accorded by Union soldiers to their one-time foemen we tender our full-hearted acknowledgments, and say to them that they have, by their kindly remembrance of our comrades, given a fresh illustration to the saying of the ancient Tusculan that:

"Whoever is brave should be a man of great soul."

But if those who were once our enemies have through all these years not forgotten our dead, is it not time that we should remember them? Is it not time that we place above those little mounds, which the coming years must eventually waste away, a more enduring memorial than the perishable flowers placed there by the impulsive hands of friendly strangers?

Mrs. Waterman died on the 13th of September last, (1897), at Madison. At her funeral was delivered the beautiful sermon, an extract from which is appended to this report. We have learned that it was the ambition of this good lady for over twenty-five years of her life to some day see a monument of granite erected in the midst of these graves whereon should be carved the names of these dead soldiers of the South, but her efforts were futile. She, herself, by the vicissitudes of fortune, had lost her entire means, and the people of her native land were poor and struggling under adverse circumstances to recuperate their broken fortunes, so the monument was never erected, but she continued to see after and care for the graves. And now that she is dead, who shall see to it that this monument be built? Who shall see to it that this spot where these men lie, the furthest north of any of our buried comrades, shall be marked with a token to all who shall see it that we have not forgotten our dead? As Southern men we should hide our heads in shame if, after knowing the facts which we now know, we should fail to see to it that this monument be built with the names upon its face, not only of these men who lie buried

so far away from their own southland, and for love of which they fought and suffered and died. but the name also of this noble Southern woman, Alice Waterman, the patriotic caretaker of their graves for so many years, and who now sleeps with them, a heroine among heroes.

Comrades, your committee have to report in conclusion that this Association having had the honor to be the first among the Associations of ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors, to have this matter brought to their attention, should be among the first to take immediate steps toward the work of procuring means to erect this monument, and thereby perpetuate the names of these men and of the noble woman who for so long a time had faithfully kept green their graves. Your committee, therefore, submit for adoption the following resolution:

Resolved, That the committee having in charge the matter of the Confederate dead who lie buried in Forest Hill Cemetery at Madison, Wis., be, and they are, hereby empowered with authority to proceed in such manner as they may deem proper and expedient to procure the means for the erection of a monument over their graves, and that it report, from time to time, what progress they have made thereat.

We have annexed to this report, besides a list of the dead with the names of the commands to which they belonged, a letter to the Chairman of the Committee by Mr. Hugh Lewis, a brave Federal soldier of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, who lost his arm at the second battle of Manassas. To him this Association is greatly indebted for the first information which came to it in regard to this matter. Mr. Lewis has for many years been a resident of Madison, Wisconsin, and was a warm friend of Mrs. Waterman. To him we are also indebted for the excellent photograph of that noble lady, and of the cemetery where lie buried these 139 Confederate soldiers.

In addition to his letter we have also annexed an extract from a copy of the funeral oration delivered over the body of Mrs. Waterman before burial among "her boys" and also copies of several articles from the Madison newspapers bearing upon the subject of this report. These articles show a more than excellent spirit on the part of the good people of Madison and encourage us to believe that in that city at least, the war with all its animosities, has long been at an end.*

*The several extracts referred to are too long for insertion, and are omitted.

CHAPTER IX.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COL. (SURGEON) I. G. W. STEEDMAN; AND HIS REMINISCENCES OF PRISON LIFE.

An "authentic" statement for the Tribune. While awaiting Mr. Greeley's acceptance or rejection of the proposition that was made to him in our issue of yesterday in reference to the treatment of prisoners of war in federal prisons, we are anxious to give him further evidence of the truth of the statements we have published, in order to strengthen the appeal to his benevolence and sense of justice. We, therefore, give editorial prominence to the following letter, which we guarantee is a faithful copy of the original written by the subscribing parties and addressed and delivered to the Colonel commanding the post at Johnson's Island:

Prison Hospital, Johnson's Island,

November 16, 1864.

Colonel: The undersigned, officers of the Confederate States Army (prisoners of war) are in times of peace practicing physicians. We are now acting as surgeons to our prison hospital.

We adopt this method of informing you, (if you are not already informed of it), that the prisoners confined here are suffering seriously from want of food.

1st. We make this painful announcement *from our personal experience*, and observation among our comrades.

Food is the constant theme of conversation among them, and we are repeatedly told, "We are hungry; we do not get enough to eat." Instances are not infrequent of repulsive articles being *greedily devoured*; rats, spoiled meat, bones, bread from the slops, etc.

Secondly: We wish to demonstrate to you from physiological data, that the ration issued is insufficient to maintain health. Prof. Dalton says: "With coffee and water for drink, we have found that the entire quantity of food required during twenty-four hours, by a man in full health, and taking free exercise in the open air, is as follows:

Meat (Butchers)	16	ounces avoirdupois.
Bread	19	ounces avoirdupois.
Butter, or fat....	3½	ounces avoirdupois
<hr/>		
38½ ounces avoirdupois.		

That is to say, rather less than two and a half pounds of solid food." (See Dalton's Physiology, page 115.)

Col. Hoffman, Commissary General of Prisons, in his published order regulating the ration of prisoners of war, established the following:

Pork or bacon	10 ounces in lieu of fresh beef	
Fresh beef	14 ounces	
Flour or soft bread.....	16 ounces	
Hard bread	14 ounces in lieu of flour or soft bread	
Corn meal	16 ounces in lieu of flour or soft bread	
Beans or peas	12½ pounds	} to 100 rations
Rice or hominy	3 pounds	
Soap	4 pounds	
Vinegar	3 quarts	
Salt	4¾ pounds	
Potatoes	15 ounces	
Water	52 ounces	

Accompanying this communication, we enclose the abstracts of rations *actually* received, during the month of October for the first and second divisions of the prison. The abstracts have been carefully prepared for this purpose by the chiefs of those divisions from their memoranda, taken at the time of issue. By carefully estimating the average daily ration in ounces of solid food, from these abstracts for October, you will find that each prisoner received 28½ ounces.

Colonel Hoffman's order allows him about 34½ ounces.

Prof. Dalton would give him $38\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. Your commissary, therefore, has given us ten ounces *less* than the physiological requirements of health, and six ounces *less* than Col. Hoffman's order.

This deficit of six ounces is the result—

1st. of a short issue of bread of about 1.5 ounces.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
2d. of a short issue of bread or peas, rice or hominy and and potatoes (only one, instead of three, having been issue daily)	$3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
3rd. no issue of meat at all for three days.....	1 oz.
	<hr/>
	6 oz.

As to the quality of the ration issued for October: The beef consisted almost entirely of *fore-quarters*, *neck* and *shank*, the large proportion of bone reducing the actual meat received nearly one-half, or to seven ounces (7 oz.) Salt beef and *fish*, now issued about twice a week, are not included in Col. Hoffman's published order, as a part of the rations. Salt fish, with our want of facilities for properly preparing them, make a most unpalatable dish, and from the testimony of our comrades, are only used from dire necessity, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Moreover, salt fish and salt beef do not contain sufficient oil or fat, to answer the requirements of health during winter in this latitude.

Though Col. Hoffman's order falls short of the physiological requirements of a man in health, by three and a half ounces, yet we believe if his order be *faithfully executed*, health can be maintained for a long while, considering the limited amount of exercise generally taken by prisoners.

But, Colonel, it is our solemn conviction that if the inmates of this prison are compelled to subsist for the winter upon this reduced ration of ten ounces less than health demands, and six ounces less than Col. Hoffman's order allows, all must suffer the horrors of continual hunger, and many must die from the most loathsome diseases. As physicians, we *ask* you for humanity's sake, to compel your commissary to do his duty faithfully and honestly, by issuing the ration we are entitled to.

As officers and prisoners of war, *demand* it.

Relying upon your early attention to this urgent and important subject, we are,

Respectfully yours, etc.,

(Signed) I. G. W. STEEDMAN, M. D.,
Col. 1st Regt. Ala. Vol.

(Signed) L. E. LOCKE, M. D.,
Capt. 53d Ala. Cavalry.

(Signed) G. TROUP MAXWELL, M. D.,
Col. 1st Florida Cavalry.
Acting Surgeons, Prison Hospital.

To Colonel Palmer, Commanding Post.

This is a true copy of the original.

St. Louis, May 31, 1891.

I. G. W. STEEDMAN, M. D.,
Col. 1st Regt. Ala. Vols.

As Mr. Greeley has kindly offered the use of the columns of the "Tribune" to prisoners of war for the publication of statements of grievances, we hope that he will publish the above letter.

MILITARY PRISON HISTORY, AND INCIDENTS—MEMORANDA SUPPLIED BY COL. STEEDMAN.

"After the surrender at Port Hudson, all the commissioned officers of the garrison, about 160 in number, were sent by steamboat to New Orleans as prisoners of war. On our way down the river we schemed to overpower our guards and capture the boat, but no proper opportunity offered. We were confined in New Orleans nearly two months, first in the custom house and then in Mr. Conner's residence, a wealthy banker. Gen. Banks treated us with all possible consideration compatible with the rules of war. Upon request we could obtain paroles to attend social gatherings given by citizens. The people of New Orleans overwhelmed us with the kindest attentions. Many of us were suffering with malaria, contracted during the siege. The surgeons and physicians of the city visited our prison and gave us gratis all needed medical attention.

"In September, 1863, we were sent by sea to Governor's Island, New York harbor, thence by rail to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie. We had left this prison for exchange about one year previously. We found the situation materially changed.

Many more prisoners occupied the buildings. Officers captured upon many battlefields were confined here. Public sentiment throughout the North was more embittered towards the South, and prisoners were made to feel it upon all possible occasions. The Winters of 1863 and 1864 were very severe upon those of us from the extreme South. We were poorly clad for such a rigorous climate, and housed in such flimsy buildings. The prison soon became very much crowded as disaster met our armies. During 1864 and 1865 the average number of officers confined here was about 3,000, at one time reaching 3,200.

"Soon after reaching Johnson's Island, at the request of the prisoners, and by consent of the prison authorities, Col. Steedman was put in medical and surgical charge of our prison hospital, the Colonel being, as already stated, an M. D., having graduated in the class of 1859 from the University of Louisiana at New Orleans. He, with his four assistants (one of whom was Capt. L. E. Locke of Alabama Cavalry) also line officers as well as M. D.'s, were thus enabled to perform valuable service to fellow prisoners.

"The great subject of thought and private talk among prisoners, was how to escape prison and get to 'Dixie,' to rejoin our commands in the field. We were secretly organized into companies and regiments and ever ready to take advantage of any opportunities offered. All manner of schemes were discussed, many of them foolhardy and impracticable. The only feasible one was planned by Lieut. Beale of Virginia which involved an expedition from Canada to capture passenger boats on the lake, seize the United States gunboat Michigan, prisoners to overpower the prison guards and take their arms. Escorted by the Michigan we were to land in the vicinity of Cleveland, Ohio, and make a desperate dash for West Virginia. The plan was partially executed, but not to completion. Lieut. Beale was afterwards courtmartialed and hung.

"The winter of 1864 and 1865 was especially severe and hard upon the Johnson's Island prisoners. It was extremely cold, the thermometer reaching 20 degrees below zero.

"The furor raised in the North by the alleged cruel treatment of Libby and Andersonville Federal prisoners led the Washington government to retaliate in a manner on Johnson's Island prisoners who were all officers. Our rations were re-

duced to a minimum compatible with life. Disease became broadcast among us, especially chronic bowel diseases, scurvy and erysipelas. Scores of cases of scurvy occurred throughout the prison, the result of insufficient quantity and quality of food. When the attention of the Federal surgeons was called to this deplorable condition of the prisoners, extra rations were given us, consisting chiefly of the fresh vegetables of the season. In a few weeks all scurvy disappeared. This is a proof positive of the insufficiency of our food.

"The above facts are contained in an official protest made by our hospital surgeons at the time. All exchanges of prisoners had ceased since 1863, except the desperately sick, who were sent home to die. The policy had been openly adopted to imprison and feed us, rather than exchange and fight us again. This barbarous policy resulted in the inhuman imprisonment of tens of thousands of Confederates and Federals. Our efficient and most gentlemanly commissary, Capt. Brad Sullins, died in the prison hospital during this winter. He is buried in the Confederate cemetery on Johnson's Island with our other dead. Smallpox also broke out in the prison, requiring the building of a pest-house in one corner of the yard, and our Confederate surgeons also had charge of these cases. By judicious isolation and vaccination, the disease was kept in control, the nurses being officers who had previously had smallpox.

CAPT. J. R. MACBETH CONTRIBUTES TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE RELIEF OF FELLOW-PRISONERS.

Col. Steedman pays the following tribute to his deceased college-mate and prison comrade, Capt. J. R. Macbeth of the 1st South Carolina Artillery. While an inmate of the prison he was dangerously ill, and was nursed to health in the prison hospital. He was so grateful for this service, that he became a nurse in the hospital for many months. Later he was made hospital steward. Capt. Macbeth was lucky in having a wealthy father, then mayor of Charleston, S. C. In his own right the Captain had large funds in New York and Liverpool as a stockholder in a blockade running company. He donated twenty-two thousand dollars for the relief of his fellow-prisoners, besides lending money to many others. He received a

special exchange through Gen. Sherman, rejoined his command and lost an arm at Bentonville, N. C., the last battle of the war.

"In the spring of 1865 the Port Hudson prisoners were ordered to City Point, near Richmond, for exchange. Joyfully we boarded box cars for Baltimore, thence by steamship to City Point. On the Chesapeake bay the ship was enveloped in fog and lay at anchor many hours. Smallpox broke out in the hold among 500 or more sick and wounded prisoners; also gangrene attacked the wounds of the poor cripples. Col. Steedman was again called upon to take charge of this "pest hole," doing his duty to the best of his ability. He regards this as the most crucial test of his physical and moral courage during the war.

"To our dismay we were landed at Point Lookout in Chesapeake Bay, a great Federal hospital and prison. Here we learned that the military operations around Petersburg had stopped this proposed exchange. We were at Point Lookout when President Lincoln was assassinated. Wilkes Booth, the assassin, retreated down the Potomac, and the negro guards over us conceived the idea that we prisoners had some connection with the assassination. I was most reliably informed that the white officers of this negro command had great difficulty in restraining them from butchering us. I felt the danger most acutely at the time. At night in my hearing a negro sentinel called out to us, 'hush up there, you d—d rebels, or I will send a bullet 'searching' among your guts;' we were only talking in a low tone in our quarters.

"From Point Lookout we were sent to Fort Delaware in Delaware bay, and kept in imprisonment until the close of the war. My brother, Capt. S. D. Steedman, and myself, were released on June 28, 1865. A book could be written on this subject of imprisonment and the heroic fortitude with which our First Alabama officers endured their hard fate. We were cut off from all hope of deserved promotion in rank, which hope is dear to all soldiers.

"The only consolation our friends can take in this imprisonment of nearly two and a half years is that many of us, if exchanged, would have died on the battlefield, where so many of our beloved comrades now lie in unknown graves."

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